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The Week

OPPOSITION to the Italian debt settlement on the part of Democratic Senators gives us the impression that they want to oppose it as a party measure, but haven't decided on any good line of argument for public consumption. Having followed the Republican lead on every other major issue in this Congress, they must find something to attack merely to retain their identity as a party in the public mind. The Italian settlement is their last chance. But they do not understand the settlement or its implications. Senator Robinson's reply to Senator Smoot is a rambling, inconsequential argument, full of insincere debating devices, and not, so far as we have been able to judge from newspaper reports, touching once on the main issue. Senator Reed opposes the settlement for precisely the wrong reason —he thinks it does not promise full enough payment. The trouble is, of course, that while it will produce very little in the near future, it promises over a long period far more than can or should be paid. This is the price insincerely offered by Italy, and insincerely accepted, for present help from private bankers—help which we believe should not be extended. Such a flimsy fabric of argument as that put forth by the Democrats is almost certain to give way. We should not be surprised if they wanted it to. While maintaining a show of opposition for campaign purposes they can thus allow ratification to slip through by a small margin and avoid offending the powerful financial interests who stand behind the settlement.

THE trial of the Matteotti murderers has ended just as everyone knew it would. Two of the five men on trial have been acquitted; and the other three were given sentences of five years, eleven months and twenty days each. However, four years are deducted from each sentence because of a recent declaration of amnesty "for political prisoners"; and a year and nine months are deducted because the prisoners are supposed to have spent that amount of time in jail awaiting trial. Consequently, they will actually serve about another two and a half months each. The New Republic usually finds itself in disagreement with prison sentences because they are too long, rather than the contrary; and we should be sorry to seem bloodthirsty in this instance. However, we submit that the punishment inflicted is out of all proportion to one of the most brutal murders in modern political history. We should like to believe that Italian public sentiment agreed with us on this, and that Farinacci, Secretary-General of the Fascist party, who conducted the defense, is being dismissed from his post because of this. However, it seems more likely that Mussolini is merely removing a dangerous rival to himself; whatever public opinion is allowed expression in Italy at present is hand-made Fascist opinion, and would not turn against Farinacci except with Mussolini's consent.

BY THE time this issue of the New Republic is in the hands of its readers, the daily press will no doubt be deluged with news arising from the Congressional inquiry into prohibition. Even without that stimulus, discussion of this subject continues to

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command a more than ample amount of newspaper space. The House has passed the bill which would put prohibition agents under civil service. In the upper chamber, Senator Edge of New Jersey has introduced a bill for a national referendum, to be held at the time of the Presidential election of 1928, on whether the Volstead law should be amended to permit "beverages containing as great an amount of alcohol as is lawful under the Constitution, provided that such amendments shall not interfere with the constitutional powers of the several states to legislate with respect to intoxicating liquors as each state shall deem proper." Senator Borah offered three amendments which were accepted by Senator Edge, of which the most important asks whether the voters want the Eighteenth Amendment repealed. In New York state, the legislature is considering plans for a state-wide referendum on whether or not a petition should go to Congress asking modification of the Volstead law to permit light wines and beer. Meanwhile, the newspaper poll in the Hearst press and allied newspapers, which still continues, has registered more than 2,000,000 votes, in every state, the District of Columbia and Porto Rico. Of these, 76 percent want prohibition abolished, and 86 percent want light wine and beer.

NEW YORK state Republicans think they have improved on Governor Smith's housing proposal by eliminating the state housing bank, which was to have raised funds to lend at low rates on first mortgages to limited dividend companies, and was to have held title to the land condemned for housing purposes. They would have the housing companies supervised by a housing board instead of by a bank; they would have them raise first mortgage funds directly; and they would allow such companies to hold title to the land condemned. There is some doubt as to whether the Republican plan would pass the test of constitutionality as well as the Governor's. There is some doubt as to whether it would produce as cheap housing. On the other hand it might possibly produce more housing by offering greater incentives to the private capital holding the equity. This has always been the difficult part of housing finance; first mortgage money is not so great a problem. Concerning these questions we hold no final opinion. But it is well to keep clear on the main issue. The need for inexpensive housing has never yet been met by private capital. Neither the Governor's plan nor the Republican contemplates meeting the need by public capital or public operation. Both are devices to make it easier for private capital to supply the want. In a sense this is private capital's last chance to do the job. If it fails, a really socialistic plan will be the only alternative. Therefore it will be well to let the enlightened representatives of private capital have the kind of law they want, to let them assume full responsibility for what the legislature does. If, after receiving exactly the help they desire from the state machinery, they do not produce the goods, they cannot logically object to genuine public housing.

PRESIDENT Green of the American Federation of Labor has returned to organizer Weisbord of the Passaic textile strike the only possible answer to his appeal for help in uniting the strikers into a permanent organization under A. F. of L. auspices. This answer is not, as implied in several newspaper headlines, a rejection of Weisbord's plea. It is a polite reference of the request to the United Textile Workers of America, the national textile union affiliated with the Federation. Most persons do not understand the constitution of the A. F. of L. It is not an authoritative, centralized head of the trade-union movement. It is literally a federation—and a pretty loose federation—deriving all its powers from its constituent unions. These unions retain complete autonomy and final jurisdiction in matters relating to their particular trades and industries. As long as the A. F. of L. recognizes the jurisdiction of the United Textile Workers over the textile field it can not initiate any action or take any part relating to the strike except through that union. With the consent and advice of that union, it can help. After explaining this fact, Mr. Green expresses his deep interest in the welfare of the textile workers, his opposition to the wage reductions they have suffered, and his willingness to coöperate, through the United Textile Workers, in improving their conditions. The next move seems to be for Mr. Weisbord to approach the officials of the latter organization. We sincerely hope they can get together on a practical program.

THE World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches believes there is no profit in raising the question of German war guilt at present. It has said, through a special committee, returning an adverse reply to the appeal of the Evangelical Alliance of Churches of Germany, that the time is not yet. "We fully sympathize," says the committee, "with the desire of our German brethren that all the facts should be investigated," and adds:

> We are inclined to believe that such investigation would show that, whatever blame may rightly be visited upon Germany for particular acts, there would be a fresh illustration of the statement in Holy Scripture that "all have sinned."
>
> All fair-minded persons now realize that Article 231 of the Treaty of Versailles was dictated by the war spirit at a time when passion ran high and that such an article would not be framed today . . .
>
> [But] the wonderful recent agreement at the conference at Locarno and the entrance of Germany into the League of Nations [sic] all eloquently testify to the fact that an era of better feeling has been inaugurated. When the current is so manifestly flowing

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> in the right direction, we think that it would be the part of wisdom to allow it to continue to flow and not run the risk of checking it by precipitating a discussion of highly controversial questions which might revive the passions of conflict.

We are willing to credit the committee of the World Alliance with sincerity, though we do not agree either with their description of the present as an era of better feeling or with their theory that Article 231 of the Treaty was dictated mainly by the continuing war passion. Article 231 was the excuse for the whole series of unjust demands made upon Germany by the Allies, demands which were of the very greatest material advantage to the latter. Also, the argument that "the time is not ripe" is one which, of course, can go on forever. The time is never ripe to do something disagreeable unless you feel that the disagreeable thing is important.

IN ANY case, the argument made by the World Alliance would not apply to the activities of a separate American committee formed for the express purpose of giving expression to representative opinion on the subject of war guilt. We have in the past recorded the formation of such committees in France and England, in each case numbering many of the most distinguished names among those countries' scholars, writers, publicists and clergymen. Each of these committees has put itself on record as believing that the question of war guilt is by no means a dead issue, closed when Germany, "with a pistol at her head," signed the Versailles Treaty. We can think of no reason why an American committee should not be formed to take the same step; and we can think of several reasons why devotion to truth instead of falsehood, fair play instead of injustice, friendship and peace instead of hatred and war, require that it should be formed.

THE great Florida boom is at an end, at least for the present. Despite the reluctance of most newspapers North or South to discuss the question, the situation has developed to a point where it is impossible to keep it under cover any longer. In a public address in Tampa, Fla., last week, Roger Babson, the statistician and business forecaster, said:

> Rents and prices in general in the state will drop 50 percent before the increase in population and the solid development of the state justify another increase. . . . Florida has been very busy in the last few months, but it has been like the two men who kept themselves busy washing each other's clothes. They didn't produce anything . . . Speculation in Florida land is dead today. The man who denies it is dead himself from the nose up . . . Bread lines and soup kitchens for realtors are being considered along the East Coast.

We do not always agree with Mr. Babson's findings, but this time there seems to be a substantial weight of evidence behind him. Even Charles M. Schwab, who as a professional optimist ranks next only to the great Judge Gary himself, after a tour of the state, had to admit that the boom had stopped. "Quiet periods, such as Florida is now experiencing," he told newspaper reporters,

> are necessary to the sound upbuilding and development of the state. These quiet spells, while naturally disappointing to some, will be of ultimate benefit for they will tend to weed out the wild speculator. . . .

The fact that such statements as these are reported in the press at all is significant. A year ago, anyone talking in the Babsonian terms would have been strung up at once to the nearest subdivision sign, and nothing more said of it.

EQUALLY illuminating are the advertising columns of the Florida newspapers. In Miami, St. Petersburg, Tampa, Jacksonville, the want ad columns are filled with offers to exchange Florida real estate for "Northern." One large display advertisement urges the reader to "Sell your Florida holdings now" and invest in Chicago. "Now is the time," says another realtor, "to watch your step in making investments"—the phrase "real estate" being understood. Offers to exchange a lot for an automobile are not infrequent, and suggest that some canny soul may be trying to avoid a long walk, all the way back "up North." All this, of course, was bound to happen, and was predicted by the New Republic among others. The feverishness of the rush to the "new Klondike" made inevitable a recession in prices which would cause wide suffering among the lambs, who are always hurst worst, and can least afford it. However, as her newspapers are with one unanimous and plaintive voice declaring, Florida's climate is still there. The state is undoubtedly destined to be the great winter playground for most of the people of the United States, and will ultimately support a vastly larger population, both permanent and transient, than it has at present.

WHAT are the terms of the new and secret agreement which Italy and Jugoslavia are reported to have signed? In the European capitals it is believed that a major point is united and determined objection to the union of Germany and Austria. A minor one is renunciation by Jugoslavia of ambition for an Adriatic port which would be a serious competitor of Fiume, in exchange for which Italy will support Jugoslav demands for "full commercial facilities" at Salonika. Reports of this agreement must be read in the light of recent statements that Italy is definitely behind the Fascist movements in Rumania, Hungary and Bavaria. Naturally, France and England are greatly perturbed by these developments. The French control over the Little Entente would be greatly weakened if Mussolini could make himself the spiritual overlord for two of its members. France does not want

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the "anschluss" of Germany and Austria; but Italian coöperation in her policy could be purchased at too dear a price, from her point of view. The Quai d'Orsay must be having some unhappy days and sleepless nights, just at present.

THE situation in China is moving rapidly, and changes of great importance may be expected. Feng Yu-hsiang, after being forced to give up Tientsin to the combined forces of Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin, is falling back rapidly toward Peking. It seems unlikely that he can hold that city, and he may be eliminated entirely as a factor in the Chinese situation. Thereafter Wu Pei-fu and Chang Tso-lin, who have united temporarily for the purpose of crushing the "Christian general," will have to work out a modus vivendi as between themselves, or else resume the old war which Feng Yu-hsiang, so to speak, interrupted. In a larger sense, the defeat of Feng by Chang may fairly be interpreted as a defeat of Russia by Japan. The relation between Peking and Moscow is said to have been very close for some time past; and as for Chang, it is generally assumed everywhere that he has long had the secret backing of Japan. The recent conflict in Manchuria between Chang's soldiers and Chinese railway officials has been interpreted as in reality a test of strength between Tokio and Moscow. While all this goes on, representatives of the western powers, which are so largely responsible for China's present plight, continue to meet solemnly and discuss whether her tariffs may be increased, how much, and to whom for what purpose the additional revenues shall be allotted.

ANNOUNCEMENT that new bond issues floated in the United States in 1925 totalled $6,200,000,000, exclusive of those put out to retire and refund old issues, gives evidence of the enormous savings that the nation has been piling up outside of the money spent for current requirements. No larger amount has been floated except in war days when the government was borrowing on Liberty bonds. The issues of 1925, moreover, were absorbed on a falling interest rate and without currency or credit inflation, while those of the War required a substantial inflation for their sale. Most commentators will be satisfied to congratulate the country on this great addition to its wealth. But is there no limit to the desirable quantity of savings in relation to the amount spent for current necessities of life? And are the savings being utilized for the most desirable purposes? It appears, for instance, that two of the largest increases were for loans on land and buildings, and for foreign investment. There are doubts as to whether real estate speculation has not been overdone, as to whether there should not be fewer expensive apartments and more houses for the workers, and as to whether the foreign investments are wholly safe and desirable. And one may wonder whether the country would not be more truly prosperous if some of the money so invested had not been saved at all but had been used to pay higher wages in this country.

A DEFINITE report that an international combination to control the steel rail business has just been formed may or may not be true, but it sounds like the sort of thing that is likely to occur. Some agreement between the heavy industries of France and Germany has been discussed for some time, and is quite logical because of the reciprocal relation of Lorraine ore and Sarre coke with Ruhr coal mines and steel mills. The Paris report is that the American steel mills, represented indirectly by British interests, are to have 20 percent of the orders. Judge Gary denies all knowledge of the affair. But we have in the past known him to profess ignorance of facts when their admission would be inconvenient.

The Future and the Democrats

IF one stops to think about the Democratic party these days, it is impossible to avoid being impressed with some curious and contradictory facts.

The idea that it is dead because in the last two national elections it was so overwhelmingly beaten that its candidates became jokes is not a sound one. Nor is the fact that out of its last national convention sprang two factions as widely apart as the poles and far more bitter toward each other than toward the Republicans, a reason for putting the party under the head of finished business. The Republicans in 1912 were even worse split—so badly, in fact, that their candidates carried only two of forty-eight states. Yet eight years later they came together and, by a vast majority, elected a fifth rate Senator President. Nor is the fact that the Republican party is at present so identified with prosperity that vast numbers of men who regard themselves as Democrats are in favor of a continuance of the present régime, cause for considering their party beyond revival. With taxes going down and business keeping up, it would be foolish to shift without a reason and the Democrats offer no reason either personal or political. But every clear-headed person knows that prosperity does not last forever, that political popularity is an evanescent thing, that a reaction is bound to occur soon or late, and that some time or other the minority party is sure to have its turn at bat.

No party can be called dead which has twenty-six of the forty-eight Governors, which is in control of a majority of the state legislatures, which has thirty-eight of the ninety-six members of the Senate and 183 of the 435 members of the House. When in addition to these facts it is conceded that in the coming election the Democrats will make gains in

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Congress, that there is even a chance they will control the next Senate, the absurdity of trying to sweep it into a corner is clear. As a state-governing agency the Democratic party is alive and kicking. As a national party it is flatter than the well known flounder. The two most conspicuous and best Governors in the country are Democrats—Smith of New York and Ritchie of Maryland. In the off-year elections this fall the Democrats may easily carry more states than the Republicans, enough in fact to elect a President were this the year to elect one.

Under such circumstances it is reasonable to ask, why have the Democrats in House and Senate at this session so abjectly surrendered? Why have they disintegrated as a party until on roll call after roll call you find as many on the administration side of the fence as on the other? Why have they ceased all semblance of opposition? Why is it their chance of electing a President in 1928 is about one in fifty? These do seem pertinent questions. There is no greater asset to a country than an alert, aggressive, vigilant and virile minority party in Congress. No better service can be rendered the nation than vigorous assaults by the opposition upon the weak spots in the dominant majority. More than anything else it promotes good government, keeps down abuses and excesses, furthers efficiency and discourages dishonesty. In this session the minority party has completely ceased to function along these lines. It began the session by doing the unprecedented thing of acquiescing in the Republican theory that the prosperity of the masses is promoted by cutting the taxes on the very rich first and most. They surrendered the Democratic view that the way to reduce was from the bottom up to the Republican view that the way to cut is from the top down, accepting the two arguments this time which they rejected last time. When they did that they broke down the fence that divided Democrat from Republican and for the time being at least lost everything but their label. If the Democratic party does not differ from the Republican party in the view as to the method of levying taxes, then there is no difference. They followed this tax surrender by ignoring the great mass of evidence uncovered by Senator Couzens about the Internal Revenue Department and the amazing allowances made to Mr. Mellon's corporations. They sat silent while Senator Norris charged Mr. Coolidge with a degrading species of politics in dealing with his tariff board appointments that ought to have been indelibly impressed on the public. They failed to hold their party in line for the Aluminum resolution and, refusing to investigate Mr. Mellon, slammed the door on all investigations. The present tariff commission investigation will get nowhere and produce nothing. It is a half-hearted effort with a committee so constituted as to defend Mr. Coolidge as soon as a shaft is aimed at him.

They have let Sargent, the most complete figurehead who ever was Attorney-General, get by without exposing the conditions under which his office is run and by whom, and even the incredible Wilbur has escaped with scarcely a word of criticism. They have further, with full knowledge of the facts and unanswerable figures at hand, failed to expose the complete humbuggery of the Coolidge economy claims.

It is really an extraordinary thing that the Senate Democrats, charged with their party leadership, should have so signally and singularly failed to take advantage of the opportunities presented to spoil the composite Coolidge-Mellon picture which the Republican propagandists painted and behind which the administration functions. They have by sheer inanition practically proclaimed it a true portrait, knowing it to be false.

What is the explanation of these things? There are, as we see it, at least three. First, there is a complete absence of fighting spirit and a total lack of political intelligence or vision among the Democrats who pose as leaders in Washington. Second, browbeaten by an overwhelming Republican press and advised by certain New York Democrats of great wealth who liberally contribute to their local campaigns and thus gain authority as advisers, they have been driven away from the natural and logical effort to make the Democratic party the liberal party in this country. Instead they attempt to show that they too are friends of Big Business, and thus try to edge into the conservative field which is and always will be the preëmpted Republican ground. Third, they are tremendously influenced by the fact that in every Democratic state there are thousands of voters who regularly in city and state elections vote the Democratic ticket and just as regularly vote the Republican ticket in national elections. Always there have been many of these but their number and strength everywhere has been greatly enhanced in the last four years due to the prosperity of the country and the reduction of taxes. For neither of these things are the Republicans responsible as a party; but the average Democratic business man gives them credit just the same.

Upon the Democratic voters in their states the Democratic Senators depend for financial help in their local campaigns and for support when they run for reëlection. The sentiment of these voters is pro-Coolidge and even more pro-Mellon. Knowledge of their number and their feeling has damped the valor of our Democratic leaders. What is there in it for them in assailing the good Calvin, or in pointing out the flaws in the record of the saintly Mellon? All they would reap would be the hostility of the most influential class of voters in their respective states whose sympathetic support they vitally need in their business. So they let it go, trusting the time will come when these Democratic voters who so consistently vote for Republican Presidents will weary of this one and turn back.

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It is not a very noble course but it is hard to blame them. It seems futile to battle against the argument of unprecedented prosperity. The strategic value of keeping the record clean and the party in a position to take advantage of the inevitable reaction is lost in the immediate local and personal interest. National Democratic leaders are throwing the party prospects into the discard in order to keep their state situations right. No matter how great may be the Democratic gain in House and Senate as a result of the elections next fall, the prospects of the party for 1928 will not be promoted in the least. As a state organization the Democratic party lives, as a national organization it languishes.

Nothing can be done about it. Perhaps if a real leader with an inspiring personality arose there might be, but the only one in sight is barred by apparently insuperable religious prejudice. Facts in politics never have the potency of propaganda. That is why the Republicans, as the great conservative business party, are able to stay in power nationally most of the time. It is the normal thing for the conservative party to have control four-fifths of the time. About once every generation the reaction comes, the progressives take hold, consolidate a reform and then give way again. That is what ought to happen with the Democrats. Long abuse of power, a campaign of education, a progressive program, the inevitable ebb of the prosperity tide, normally ought to give them their chance soon or late. But the party leaders are not keeping it in position to take advantage of its chance when it comes. They have cast aside their progressive ideas. They have endorsed fundamental Republican ideas. When the people get ready to turn, they will be unable to turn in the Democratic direction because there is no such direction.

Justice For the Poor

THE New York institution now known as The Legal Aid Society was incorporated March 8, 1876. Its first half-century of distinguished public service is about to be commemorated by a fitting celebration. This organization was the grain of mustard seed—its beginnings were very small—from which has sprung the mighty growth of legal aid work now covering nearly the whole country and rooted deeply among our everyday assumptions of American justice. The assumptions of English justice lack this vital element. In England organized legal aid is at best furnished sparingly and, under a pugnacious theory of law, almost not at all save where an indigent person will abandon efforts toward peaceful settlement and fight out his troubles before a court. We need not guess at the result. The foreword to a recent book on justice and the poor in England has stated it with equal force and succinctness. The writers are not lawyers. They pretend no ability to prescribe adequate remedial machinery.

> But [they say] we have knowledge of the present deplorable condition of the poor in legal matters, who in many cases, through not being able to pay for the ordinary facilities to secure justice, are denied justice in the civil and criminal courts, and are unable to know, or be advised about, their legal rights and duties. . . . As Christians, we consider this position to be inexpressibly injurious, and inhuman; being, in fact, a festering sore in the body politic, having far-reaching consequences; and being, moreover, contrary to the teaching of the Lord Jesus Christ.

This is strong denunciation, and not to be shrugged aside as proceeding from irresponsible sources. Two of the authors are Bishops.

Here lies a tempting scoopful of powdered rosin for the hands of those Americans who delight to twist the Lion's tail. Clearly there is one serious weakness in the English procedural system, so often paraded before us as a proper object for almost idolatrous admiration. But England has a way of suddenly confounding jubilant critics. Her social institutions drag dismally for fifty years only to leap forward with the energy of a tightly coiled spring to a pinnacle fifty years ahead of competition. Not without purpose are Englishmen studying the whole American plan of litigious poor relief. They are coming to a clearer perception of its merits than we ourselves have. They are in a position to correct its great weakness, which is a lack of effective articulation between the unofficial legal aid societies and the official court machinery. Our temporary superiority may vanish almost overnight.

Should reform thus move overseas from one country to the other, history would be repeating itself. The grain of mustard seed in New York was not planted by men whom super-patriots of this day would deem 100 percent American. The Legal Aid Society began life as Der Deutsche Rechtsschutz Verein. Its founders, although Americans, were of German birth. Its original beneficiaries were poor German immigrants to whose merciless exploitation the authorities of the country were blind. This blindness was perfectly impartial. Similar injustices visited upon immigrants from other sources and upon the native poor passed equally unredressed. So it came about that a polyglot throng pressed longingly at the door of the German society. Under the leadership of Arthur von Briesen that door was thrown open to all the needy without racial distinction, and the society assumed not only its modern name but also its broad modern purposes. These facts constitute no particular reflection upon American law or American humanitarianism. Those who have comfortably lived their lives in certain places under certain conditions are prone to believe that with them and their neighbors all is well, or at least as nearly

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well as things may and should be in an imperfect world. The stimulus toward change and betterment is essentially an alien and a disconcerting force to the average good citizen.

In another respect legal aid has had a highly typical beginning and development. Its very name shows it to be a legal reform. Lawyers have always been incidentally connected with it. But in no collective way did they furnish either the initial impulse or the follow-up push which carried it through the experimental stage and into the field of established benefits. The New York society first solicited the support of the bar in 1890. Prior to 1900 the bar had itself formed not a single legal aid organization. Professional conventions and methods of thought go far to explain this. Old-time lawyers, moving about law libraries and courts, or sitting in law offices, gathered material and wrote books. Some of these books glorified the legal system as it was. Who, intoning Blackstone's orotund sentences, could see lurking behind them the shortcomings and brutalities of eighteenth century legal England? Some of the books were critical. But to this very day much lawyers' criticism of law strikes a layman as essentially unrealistic. It stinks of the lamp. It accepts or rejects or argues about ostensible purposes as though they necessarily corresponded with actual effects. Blackstone and Kent and Story sang the praises of our common law. The latter pair at least made masterly contributions to its technical improvement. But it took plain citizens of German birth to see in cheap lodging houses and in gutters the poor creatures impossibly far removed from the majestic structure of so-called justice.

Formation of the New York Legal Aid Society was a realistic criticism of existing law. All legal aid as we know it today is an extension and elaboration of that realistic criticism. It sees and deals with actuality, building its principles on observed facts, not dropping them airily from the clouds. It is true and vital. Therefore it will live. And by its vigorous life it is helping gradually to impose upon legal technicians a new fact-finding and fact-sifting procedure which will make their work vastly more enduring and serviceable to mankind.

Strikingly enough, nowhere has such practically exercised technical ability a more interesting or difficult task than in directing the future development of legal aid itself. As has been said, the weak point in our litigious poor relief is defective coördination with the court machinery. Difficulties which legal aid societies encounter in taking advantage of statutes intended to relieve the poor from judicial fees and costs afford a concrete example. Like and more acute difficulties arise in state after state where no provision whatever exists for lifting these expenses of litigation. This is only one of many matters on which legal aid societies and courts are further apart than they should be. Chief Justice Taft is considering methods of bridging the gaps and has recently published the following statement:

> Without expressing a final personal conclusion on the subject, it seems to me that ultimately these instrumentalities [the legal aid organizations] will have to be made a part of the administration of justice and paid for out of public funds. I think that we shall have to come, and ought to come, to the creation in every criminal court of the office of public defender, and that he should be paid out of the treasury of the county or the state. I think, too, that there should be a department in every large city, and probably in the state, which shall be sufficiently equipped to offer legal advice and legal service in suits and defences in all civil cases, but especially in small claims courts, in courts of domestic relations, and in other forums of the plain people.

From these suggestions many trained legal workers will vigorously dissent. They fear that the price of amalgamation with the general government system, or even of assured support by public moneys, may be political tinkering, rising expense and slackening efficiency, to say nothing of the darker defects of bureaucracy. Legal aid is coming fast to the cross-roads. The choice must be informed and careful. One pauses on a note of uncertainty as to the future. But uncertainty implies no lack of confidence. The direction of development is the only matter questioned. It is inconceivable that development itself will cease—that this great practical contribution to Anglo-American law will do otherwise than grow into a still larger power for good.

Where Instalment Buying Breaks

IN THE prevailing uncertainty over the future of business, no rumor is more disquieting than that the automobile companies, having finished three months of record production, are finding that the dealers cannot sell so many cars to the public as have been made; furthermore, that cars previously sold on the instalment plan are coming back into the dealers' hands because of the inability of the purchaser to complete payment. We cannot vouch for these rumors, but if the existing crop is not true we are morally sure that a similar crop will be true in the not distant future.

The peril of the instalment plan to business is much discussed pro and con; but almost nowhere is it fully understood. Writers point out the immense value of goods now sold on time-payments —estimated by the U. S. Chamber of Commerce to be in the neighborhood of $5,000,000,000 annually. Another investigator reports that deferred payments on new motor vehicles amount to about $2,000,000,000 annually and on used cars to about $900,000,000. Fears are expressed that such extension of financing will exert an undue strain on credit resources. These are properly answered by

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pointing to the immense volume of new savings, and the great credit reservoirs of the banks. Others argue that under the existing sales pressure it is easy for persons to contract for more payments than they can make. That is a real danger, but careful investigation of the credit and income of the individual purchaser can avoid it. Unemployment arising from some other source might cause payments to fail, and thus add to the damage of a normal depression, but the instalment plan would not be a first cause of trouble. It is objected that the use of credit adds to the price of the article. It may, if the cost of the interest is not counteracted by the economies of larger production. It is said that those who are induced to buy automobiles, furniture, pianos, radios, fur coats, washing machines and refrigerators by easy payments may have to restrict their purchases of clothing, shoes and groceries. True enough, but in that case the pinch is felt by individual trades, not by business as a whole. No such result could bring about depression in the instalment using industries or in general conditions.

To examine the basic danger let us take an oversimplified case. Let us imagine a community of 100 persons, each of whom has an income which does not vary from year to year. In year one, all pay cash for everything that they buy. They buy 100 units of product. Then the instalment plan begins to descend on the community. In the second year, ninety still pay cash, and buy ninety units. Ten, however, have been induced to buy everything on instalments, payable over a period of two years. This temporarily doubles their purchasing power; instead of having ten units of product, in year two, they can have and enjoy twenty units. The factories supplying the community therefore enlarge their production from 100 units to 110. In year three, this group of ten cannot buy anything new; they are still paying for what they bought in year two. A new group of thirty persons, however, has been induced to buy on two-year instalments, thus consuming sixty units. This year the factories produce, for sixty persons paying cash, sixty units, for thirty persons using credit, sixty units, for ten persons who have pledged their credit, no units—total 120 units. In year four, the remaining sixty cash buyers have been induced to buy on credit, and take 120 units. The thirty new credit purchasers of year three, are out of the market. The original ten are back in again, with twenty units.. The factories therefore produce 140 units. Isn't this wonderful prosperity? Production steadily mounting—in four years from 100 to 140.

But what happens next? In year five, we have seventy people out of the market; we have thirty persons buying sixty units. Consumption more than cut in half! The following year is better again, and subsequent years vary, but when we average consumption, year in and year out, we find that it is 100, just what we started with.

This is a rather elaborate way of demonstrating what ought to be obvious—that we cannot permanently enlarge consumers' purchasing power just by extending credit. It would be lifting ourselves by our bootstraps. Juggle the figures any way you like—change the number of people in each category, the time of the instalments, the proportion of each individual's income used for cash payments. The test can only show that an expanding use of instalment payments causes a temporary spurt in production, which must slow down again to the original pace when the credit capacity of the public is saturated.

Of course there are in reality many complicating factors. Wages may rise. Prices may fall. The basic purchasing power of the community may thus grow. The population may increase. The temporary stimulus to production may swell employment and wage income. But the effect of an increase of time-payments super-added to this complex will in the end be the same. It will mean a spurt in production larger than would otherwise have occurred, followed by a reaction. If the saturation point of the automobile market is 20,000,000 cars, considering the incomes in the nation and the prices of automobiles, the instalment plan furnishes no magic to increase it to 25,000,000, to 30,000,000, to 50-000,000.

Business, faced with a technical ability to produce which grows faster than the real incomes of the bulk of the consumers, has turned to the time-payment as to a drug. Temporarily stimulating, it brings ultimate weakness. In conclusion we can do no better than repeat what we wrote on this subject nearly a year ago. "Eventually business must face the necessity of increasing general purchasing power as fast as it increases its production. It cannot depend on temporary expedients such as advertising, salesmanship, and the expansion of credit. It must eventually raise wages or lower prices or both. Some time, if we are to avoid the boom-depression cycle, there must be a working adjustment between new investment and new popular income, between profits and wages. There must be an adequate and progressive distribution of the benefits of mechanical civilization."

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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The Problem of the British Coal Industry

HIS Majesty's government is not in the habit of producing best sellers. But the Report of the Coal Commission, which has just been issued, deserves that title. A stoutish volume of three hundred pages, it was put on the market for one shilling, was gobbled up by expectant purchasers, who could be seen waiting outside the government stationery offices as soon as it appeared, and within twenty-four hours became, for the time being, almost unobtainable. Such is the general enthusiasm for enlightenment on the murky subject of coal.

Not that the British public has a morbid passion for economic literature. Far from it! But it has burned its fingers more than once already, and it is aware that there is at least a chance of its burning them again. Of all the industrial problems which have haunted Great Britain since 1918, that of mining has been almost the largest and quite the most insistent, and the historian of the future, who explores the troubled years which followed the Armistice, will find them black with coal. There have been two national stoppages, one serious district strike, two occasions on which a national strike has been averted only by the appointment of a Commission. Throughout the whole period the industry has been a laboratory of economic and social theories. At the competing hands of mine-owners, mineral-owners and miners, mining experts, public officials and social reformers, it has been offered incompatible drafts of soothing and violent elixirs. And, after a period of unusual prosperity, it entered towards the end of 1920 on a depression so unforeseen, so profound, and so tragic in its consequences, that the observer is tempted to suspend analysis of the disease in pity for its victims. With an interval of something under eighteen months during 1923 and part of 1924, in which a fillip was given to the export trade by the paralysis of production in the Ruhr, the depression has lasted from that day to this.

The climax was reached last August, when the owners gave notice of a sweeping reduction, the miners, supported by the whole trade union movement, resisted, and the government averted a crisis by agreeing to pay a subsidy up to the end of April of this year, and appointed a commission (composed of persons of unimpeachable respectability) to explore the conditions, organization and prospects of the industry. The Report which has just appeared is the fruit of their labors. Miners and mine-owners have awaited its findings to learn which, if either, of their opposing conceptions of social policy was to receive endorsement, the government to be told how to avoid the crisis threatened on May 1, the tax payer to know whether, and for how long, he was to continue to pay the subsidy. No wonder that its appearance has caused a mild sensation.

In the controversy which has raged round the coal industry in the last seven years, considerations of two separate kinds have usually been confused. The first relates to the economics of the industry —what causes have produced the present depression and what are the prospects of its lifting? The second relates to what may be called its politics— is the present system of ownership and organization to be continued, and, if not, on what lines is it to be amended? Obviously these questions overlap: the economic condition of the industry depends both on the world's demand for British coal and on its own organization, and it is unintelligent to wring our hands in fatalistic despair, if the present situation is partly due, as competent critics have affirmed, to wasteful and inefficient methods of production and distribution. The strong part of the present report is its analysis of the problem (of its constructive proposals, which are much less satisfactory, I will speak in a moment), and on both these points its conclusions appear to me, without being novel, to be substantially sound.

The immediate causes of the present depression in the coal industry are not recondite. Of the total annual output of coal produced in Great Britain, about 12 percent is used for domestic purposes, about 55 percent is used for industrial purposes at home, and about 33 percent is exported. The demand for the first has been practically stationary since 1913; the consumption of the second has declined; the third has been sharply reduced, the difference between the exports for 1909-13 and 1925 being over 15,000,000 tons, the equivalent of the output of about 68,000 miners. The reduced consumption of coal for industrial purposes at home is due to the general depression, particularly in the iron and steel industries. The reduced export is not primarily due, as is often suggested, to the fact that British coal is being undersold in neutral markets by foreign competitors: on the contrary (though the Commission's report does not, I think, give the figures) British exports appear to have formed an actually larger proportion of world exports of coal in 1925 than in 1913. The explanation is partly that, owing to the general dislocation of European economic life, the curtailment of industrial development, the diminished output of manufactured goods, and, till recently, currency difficulties, the demand for energy has declined; part-

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ly that part of that demand is now being met from sources other than coal, for example hydro-electric power and oil; partly that certain countries, which previously relied on imported coal, are now developing their own mineral resources.

Such difficulties are serious enough; but, given energy and intelligence, they are not insuperable, and the Commission does not endorse the tragic view that the days of the British coal industry are numbered, and that the present depression is merely the opening phase of a long decline. The real problem is on a different plane. What has happened is that the old days of easy-going affluence, when the British coal industry, the spoiled favorite of fortune, found wealth washed to its shores by the mere tide of economic expansion, have finally come to an end. It still possesses extraordinary advantages, in the situation and quality of British coal. But the impetus derived from mere priority of development has been spent. The new economic environment imposes a new economic strategy. The days of the pioneer with a nose for money—of joyous scrambling for rising profits—are over. What is needed now is science and organization. The question is how far the coal industry, as hitherto conducted, satisfies that requirement.

To that question the Commission returns what is, in effect, a hanging verdict, pronounced in terms of dulcet sweetness. Nothing has produced more wrath among mine-owners and in the Conservative press during the last seven years than the miners' allegation that the industry is inefficiently organized, and their repeated insistence that, before wages were reduced or hours lengthened, the mine-owners should set their own house in order. Their criticisms on the existing organization, though not their proposals for transforming it, are confirmed, with hardly an exception, by the Commission. The private ownership of coal is pronounced contrary to the public interests, and it is proposed that the mineral-owners (who in Great Britain are normally separate from the lessees, the mine-owners) should be compulsorily bought out, the ownership of minerals being thus vested in the state. The existence of numerous small collieries is declared to be prejudicial to efficiency, and it is recommended that the state, as mineral-owner, should have power to insist on amalgamations. The distribution of coal at home is declared to be unnecessarily expensive, and the Commission advises that local authorities (i. e., municipalities and county councils) should be empowered to undertake the retail sale of coal. The transport of coal, owing to the multiplicity of different interests to whom coal wagons belong and the absurdly small size of many of the latter, is too costly, and suggestions are made for reorganizing it. The lack of coöperation among exporters is criticized, and it is urged that coöperative selling agencies shall be established.

All this is much what was said by the terrible Mr. Justice Sankey, and two of his proposals, the nationalization of minerals and the municipal distribution of coal, are endorsed by the Commission which has just reported. Where they differ is in the vagueness of some of their recommendations for reorganization, and in their rejection of the public ownership of collieries in favor of a policy of gradual amalgamation to be carried out with the encouragement of the state. The Report is, in short, a somewhat hesitating statement of the new policy of state-controlled capitalism, into which, as the analogous proposals recently made with regard to electrical power suggest, Great Britain appears to be diffidently feeling its way, as an alternative at once to Socialism and to the individualist capitalism of the nineteenth century.

"Amalgamation," "collective production," "unification"—such phrases are fraught, apparently, with a soothing magic, which falls like balm on apprehensive spirits. The attitude of Englishmen toward questions of industrial reconstruction bears some resemblance to that ascribed—doubtless wrongly—to some Americans toward alcohol. The latter, it is reported by the malicious, would not dream of buying whiskey at a saloon, but overcome their repugnance to it if supplied through less dubious channels. The former cry and cut themselves with knives at the word "nationalization," but they feel quite differently if the same proposal is described as a Necessary Adjustment of Conflicting Interests on Conservative Lines, and is recommended in a leader in the Times by a nice young gentleman who has just gone down from Oxford and has got the subject up with the aid of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

The British practice of making fifty bites at a cherry, while protesting all the time that there is no intention of doing anything so vulgar as swallow it, has its disadvantages. But, provided the patient takes the medicine, it is reasonable that he should be allowed to choose the label on the bottle, and, in view of the prejudices of their fellow-countrymen, the Commissioners were probably prudent in protesting that they are not as these bold bad men who deal in nationalization. The public ownership of minerals, and the municipal distribution of coal are, at least, a beginning of the necessary reorganization. Amalgamation of collieries under the pressure of a state department, though a lengthy, and probably a costly process, at least drives in the thin end of a trenchant wedge. To such proposals the existing interests might reply in the classical lines

> It is all very well to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me downstairs?

Reorganization must, in any case, be a matter of time. What is more exciting at the moment is the situation in the next six weeks. The subsidy, unless extended, finishes at the end of April and the Commission emphatically recommends its termi-

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nation at that date. How, in that case, is the industry to pay its way? The Commission rejected, for reasons of unquestionable cogency, the owners' proposal for longer hours, and proposed, as its own immediate solution, a reduction in wages, to be borne by the miners as a temporary sacrifice on the understanding that the various measures of reorganization recommended shall be undertaken without delay. The latter proviso somewhat softens, no doubt, the suggestion for a reduction. But all the elements of a crisis, such as occurred last August, are in being. The miners argue that for seven years they have pressed for improvements in the organization of the industry, that their criticisms have been confirmed by one inquiry after another, and that it is monstrously unfair to make them pay for the refusal of successive governments to carry improvements into effect. The mine-owners want a reduction of wages, but hate the reforms which, the Commission urges, should accompany it. The government naturally does not want to continue paying the subsidy, but it wants a stoppage still less, for a stoppage would probably cost more than the subsidy itself. Some Conservatives are indignant at the coquetting with Socialism which they seem to discern in the Report, while the trade union movement is alarmed at the threat to wages.

To prophesy the upshot of it all would be rash. What a good many people feel, however, is that in terminating the subsidy now, the government would be making the worst of both worlds. It has paid it for six months, without getting anything for it. Is it prudent to stop it at the very moment when it may be used as a lever to reorganize the industry? If Mr. Baldwin inclines to the view that it is not, will the die-hards of his party stand it? To him, at least, the situation must be a nightmare. It is not, however, Mr. Baldwin who is to blame, but an earlier occupant of his office, who allowed the patient to relapse into a condition in which the only alleviation of his sufferings is monthly injections of morphia. In this, as in some other matters, the country is likely to pay for the antics of that cheerful architect of mischief, Mr. Lloyd George.

R. H. Tawney.

The Professional Woman's Baby

If the total number of gainfully employed women in the United States continues to increase at the rate indicated by the last Census, in a few years one worker in every four will be a woman, and one woman in every four a worker. The great bulk of the eight and a half million employed women are in industry, of course, but the group about which most discussion has raged—the women in the professions—shows an increase of almost 40 percent; their total number has jumped from 734,000 in 1910 to more than a million.

During recent years the popular magazines have been filled with articles about this professional group. Women have talked of their "careers" as if they were of vital moment to society—(Do men have "careers" or is that a purely feminine prerogative?) Childless wives have described breezily how they do their daily housework in an hour; many pages have been given to the husbands' reactions—how do they really feel about the solemn problem of "letting their wives work?"

Yet, with all the irrelevancies that have been aired, there is still great need for a sober consideration of the handicaps that professional women must meet. These handicaps are cumulative, like the domestic responsibilities that women themselves face. The problem of the single woman is simple; it is largely economic, and its solution is in sight; that of the childless married woman is geographic as well—that is, it is related to the place of her husband's work. It will never be completely overcome, but it has relatively slight social significance. The problem of the mother in professional work is psychological and social, and is increasing in perplexity and importance.

American feminists, in contrast with their more realistic European sisters, have overcompensated in their efforts to extricate themselves from the tangles of domesticity. Such naïve proposals as the "Equal Rights Amendment" show a bland disregard of the realities of child-bearing and rearing. After all, as Galsworthy remarks about maternity in The White Monkey, "The process *is* behind the times!" Nor will it be easily modernized. Nature has no regard for the opinions of the individual. I notice that my friends, who climbed gaily into sleeping-car berths, or stayed at the office "until the last minute" before their first child was born, have become singularly conservative with their later children. Through various physiological distresses they have discovered that Nature inexorably takes her toll for overexertion and fatigue.

Certainly the limited environment and mental integration of the mothers of the old days, even with the high birth and death rate, must have resulted in a real peace of mind. Motherhood was simple then—when babies were "accidental" and not "voluntary"; when a mother could lose one or two and have a lot left! When the Lord gave and the Lord took away, and we did not blame a poor milk supply, or some stupid blunder in our own technique of care. With the widespread practice of family limitation and the new developments in child hygiene motherhood has taken on a new self-consciousness and a new anxiety.

Baby care has become a sequence of semi-scien-

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tific details. Most of them cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and unskilled; all of them are time-consuming and exhausting. There are few "labor saving devices" in child care. And, while baby hygiene is only two decades old, child psychology is even younger. Like all young things it grows out of its old clothes at an alarming rate! One needs real brains, these days, to keep up with the styles in discipline. Modern methods of child training are tentative and changing, yet we are continually warned by psychologists that mistakes made by parents, especially with that newly recognized individual, the "pre-school child," may embitter and handicap an individual his whole life long.

In college, when we discussed our "careers" we had the whole thing neatly worked out. The daytime care of the child, I remember, was to be delegated to "experts," skilled in that particular task. Alas! Where are those "experts"? The devoted female relative is of course extinct; even if she were not, the modern mother would no longer be satisfied with the care Aunt Minnie could render. The real experts are to be found only at work in the new educational experiments in the group care of little children. Certainly a consideration of the limitations of this latter type of child care, in its relation to the mother's dilemma, does not underrate its educational achievements. Some of us have come to realize, through experience, that group care can never be more than supplementary to the more basic "individual" care.

To be sure, the orphan asylum had taught social workers that; but we had much to learn for ourselves. Many children, delicate, shy, or supersensitive, cannot adjust to group care at all, or for only a very limited period of the day. The child who needs special rest or special diet, freedom from strain or over-stimulation, the home-loving child, who longs for his own things, his own mother—all of these may be periodic or even permanent misfits in any form of group activity. Then the mechanical difficulties involved in group care—transportation from home, bad weather, quarantines—all help to render group care a weak reed for the mother engaged in professional work to lean upon. Even the industrial mother, under the pressure of poverty, is wary of the best day nursery care because of certain of these inherent difficulties.

On the "domestic service" angle of the problem, some of us are so humbled by personal experience that we get a certain melancholy satisfaction from the dark picture recent government reports paint. There is the Baltimore study, for example, made in 1924 by the Federal Women's Bureau. More than half of the two thousand "home workers" reported on for length of service had stayed in one position for less than a year; more than two-thirds, for less than two years. And the Census figures are graphic: an increase of as much as 200 percent on some of the occupations employing women, but in the "general servants" group, a decrease of more than 23 percent! We are rapidly fulfilling Bernard Shaw's ideal, "a nation without servants."

Even the good homeworker, rare as she is, has limitations. As one of my friends laughingly expresses it—"my household can run on its own momentum for about four hours; after that, everything, from the baby to the vacuum cleaner, sits down to await my return." Here, too, the new psychology, with its emphasis on independence and self-expression, does not simplify things. "You are not my mother," says the haughty five-year-old to the maid to whom she has been "delegated," and who attempts to correct her for some bit of mischief. To which the obvious answer is a new version of the old threat: "Just wait till your mother comes home!" And she must come! All the weary straightening out of domestic difficulties that awaits the return of the mother helps to complicate the professional woman's problem.

Then, even more basic is the fact that the mother in professional work must face a mental conflict of her own. Her mind is a house divided against itself. Her convictions and interests are intellectual; they are based on fact and reason. But by how many thousands of years did the feelings precede the development of intelligence? Children establish their own value with terrifying force; the world is full of work, but no job, however satisfying, could possibly atone for the loss of a child through some negligence in personal care. Mothers will confess this, in their candid moments. "I am never free from fear," said one friend recently. "I tremble at the thought of the school bus in a smash, or the boy in a sudden fever—and no one able to reach me. The worst of it is, all my relatives—perhaps even my husband—would blame me if anything happened. And I have a terrible misgiving that I might agree with them."

And to fear is added another feeling—one which theorists scorn, but one which plays a very real part in the mental conflict of the mother. Professional women are apt to marry late, and to some of them motherhood comes as a kind of special dispensation, a gift of the gods which to the woman of thirty carries with it a value unknown to her younger sister. And with the sense of the wonder of childhood comes the knowledge that its fleeting years are as evanescent as a perfume. The rapidity of development in the very little child is amazing. "I have already lost a thousand sons," said the mother in the old fable, when told of the death of her only son in battle. The crowded days carry our children to maturity with a speed that creates a wistful resentment in us for every hour we "lose" away from them.

In the face of this emotional conflict a silence has fallen on some of my older friends. They hold on grimly, but they are not so sure of their success either in professional work or at child-rearing. A fresh crop of youthful enthusiasts is constantly needed to keep the discussion going. Those of us

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who live in the provinces look a little enviously at New York women. They seem to combine the job and the baby so easily and talk about it so triumphantly! Not that we would live in New York for worlds—we prefer open spaces and simpler communities for our daily living. Although the net work of "new" schools, mothers' helpers, enlightened husbands, and diverse professional opportunities cannot but make us feel most inadequate; New York, we remember, is not America!

There is, to the realist, something ironic in the tremendous amount of attention that has been paid to the few thousands of "professional" mothers, while the half million "industrial" mothers have gone their weary way, harassed by poverty, burdened to a far greater extent than their more fortunate sisters. Yet the problem differs chiefly in degree—and professional women, too, feel the pressure of economic need. Certainly, in a country where almost nine-tenths of the workers earn less than $2,000 a year, and where the price level has climbed steadily since the War to encroach upon the standard of living of the middle class, most families are keenly in need of the professional woman's earnings.

This, then, is the dilemma of the modern mother, stated so often, in one way or another, and as often left unsolved: on the one hand, a keen interest in her professional work, a real need of income, the fear of mental stagnation, and the restlessness that comes from filling all her day with petty things; on the other hand, new demands in child care that were unknown even a decade ago; a supply of domestic helpers that is fast diminishing both in quality and quantity; and, like a cloud over all her activities, her own emotional conflict that is rooted deep in her maternity. Nor is her peace of mind restored by the success of her childless sister. The feeling that the world is organized to her disadvantage alone is not conducive to resignation.

The only possible answer to the dilemma of the educated mother lies in the development of the part-time unit in professional work. And these new opportunities must indeed be "developed"; they are not now recognized, they do not now exist. In many diverse fields—social work, dentistry, teaching, laboratory work—the time-unit could be reduced with no loss of quality. But the masculine prejudice against all women workers, which crippled them in every field for so many years, is today concentrated on mothers, and strangely enough, is shared by other women as well. It is ironical that at the same time the question is being raised in certain quarters as to whether technical training for women should not be limited after all, since it is so often discarded later by the women themselves. Already certain changes in curriculum have been suggested, guiding women back toward their "real" work in the home.

The battle for the higher education of women is yet to be won, not, in an academic sense, in the colleges and universities alone, but in a more real sense, in life itself. Its outcome depends on that group of women who are willing to demand this new adjustment—persistently, aggressively, if necessary, with a clear realization of the loss to themselves and to the community if it is not made.

HELEN GLENN TYSON.

My Daughter

SELF-REVELATIONS in literature are becoming fashionable. No scene of domestic order or disorder, of felicity or infelicity, is too sacredly personal to be withheld from the gaze of a gaping public. All is grist that comes to the modern author's mill. He takes you into his home, no window of which is curtain-draped, and reveals the domestic manners of his household in a way both frank and fearful. His wife is Exhibit A; and his children and his man-servant and his maid-servant and his ox and his ass are exhibits B, C and D—to the extremest limits of the alphabet.

I have been pained to discover this tendency on the part of the modern author invading the sacrosanct precincts of even our most conservative periodicals. Within the year I discovered between the sombre covers of a staid New England journal an article in which the author had, with really fatuous frankness, written of the wife of his bosom; and from the Middle-West came an article in which the author revealed in almost physiological detail the characteristics of his son. Shall I be blamed, then, if, in the weakness of my imitative nature, I succumb to the prevalent mania and disclose to you my daughter—her character and her confidences?

Now no father could possibly love his daughter more than I do mine. One reason, I suppose, is because she is so little trouble to me. Unlike so many fathers, I have never had to worry over my daughter. I think I may say, without stretching or bending or otherwise maltreating the truth, that I have never lost an hour's sleep on Melissa's account. The young men who call upon her (and they are many, for Melissa resembles her mother in both beauty and charm) I never send home when they have overstayed their welcome; I can trust my daughter to deal with them as befits the situation. I retire at ten, my customary hour, leaving Melissa in possession of the field, and by 10:15 I am asleep. I have it from her own lips that the boundaries of propriety have never been overstepped in my parlor; and that the stickiest of the stayers has never remained later than two. Melissa is no prude, God forbid; but she is one of those creatures, rare in

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this modern world, who possess a proper sense of values.

The truth is that Melissa is not a conformist. I rejoice at this trait in my daughter, for I feel strongly that individuality is the supreme desideratum in life and that the hall-mark of conventionality is of all things the one to be abhorred. And so it pleases me to note that, while all the feminine world seems lost in a vanity-box, Melissa does not use one. Of artificial favor she possesses not a whit. She told me once that a lip-stick could leave more incriminating evidence than a calling-card; but this, I believe, was one of her little pleasantries, for she is full of fancy. I love her extravagancies of expression since they supplement so admirably her propriety of demeanor.

Melissa has a mind of her own. She looks with much disfavor on mixed automobile parties to places of questionable resort, a problem with which not a few fathers have professed themselves unable to cope. Her procedure is simple and to the point. She refuses absolutely to go out with a young man in his car after ten o'clock in the evening. Instead, she takes the young man out in her own little coupé, and is herself careful to do the driving. This course, she tells me, leaves the young man more free for edifying converse and other social amenities; and it is needless to say that her admirable course of conduct has my unqualified approval.

Neither does Melissa conform in the now too prevalent habit of girls' smoking. It is a matter of extreme regret both to her and to me that she invariably comes home from parties—so popular is she that they are of nightly occurrence—with her clothes and her hair rank with cigarette smoke. She deplores, as do I, the mannerlessness of modern youth, in smoking, as it were, into the very faces of the girls with whom they are thrown in contact. That her girl friends smoke, and leave their cigarette-stubs in the tooth-mug in her boudoir, is a matter of genuine concern to her, as she has often told me when I have commented on a chance discovery of the kind I have mentioned.

The so-called *frankness* of the modern generation Melissa thinks beastly. It is but a sham, she says, to cover intellectual inanity and spiritual vacuity. No young man who cannot discuss psychoanalysis, pediatrics, or phylogeny can hope for a permanent place on her calling-list. The bald discussion of sex she abhors; life's triangulation as presented in the problem play she cannot abide; and the result is that she has deliberately limited herself to two evenings and two matinées a week at the theatre. Since the one play I saw last winter was indubitably frank, I cannot do other than commend Melissa's sane judgment and rigorous regimen.

I have always taken Melissa just as she is, and we have consequently been great pals. That is why, I suppose, she is ever fond of saying that I am her chiefest confidant. She tells me everything—many things I am sure that she withholds from her occasionally unsympathetic mother. Thus it was that she brought me only yesterday a dozen letters from certain youth of the Valley View Academy, received by her within the week after her return from a midwinter house-party at that renowned institution. If I was proud of Melissa before, I was doubly proud of her after glancing over these endearing missives. She must have made a decided "hit," and that, I take it, is no small accomplishment in so refined and restricted a school as I am led to believe Valley View is. Melissa told me that no girl could ever hope to be invited twice to this school who does not possess "a line." Just what this vernacular means I am not quite sure; but I believe it involves considerable conversational ability. Certainly Melissa could qualify in this respect, and she evidently did if I am to judge by the letters. I cull from several of these some apt phrases that I was compelled to regard as tributes to my daughter's social success—a pardonable vanity in a fond father, I am sure you will agree.

One youth, who signed himself "Cal," wrote: "My chest is hollow, the world is hollow, and 'hollow, hollow, hollow all delight' since you went away." Another, who signed himself "Yours sincerely, Dave F.," wrote with no less unction: "You certainly were the baby-beetle at the dance." Another, whose signature was blotted, but seemed to be "Goff," said at the end of a letter whose expressions were most laudatory: "If you will visit in Kane next summer, I'll show you one sure-hot-time"—by which I assume he intended to convey the impression that he would entertain Melissa in a manner commensurate with her social graces and her deserved popularity. One of the letters was written in verse, from which I shall quote a stanza in order to give you an impression of the tender and respectful sentiments which my daughter is able to inspire in a youth who seems almost morbifically gifted:

> The softest cheek I know, My Lady,
> Guards your sunny smile;
> 'Twas surely made for nothing more
> Than dimples to beguile.
> Were Persia of her silks bereft,
> More soft, your cheek would still be left.

I asked Melissa with a smile if the young man drew his simile from a purely poetic inference or from factual demonstration; but she only smiled back at me in a way wholly to disarm suspicion, and no more was said about the matter.

And so I leave Melissa with you. Be good to her; treat her as she deserves; and remember her father is worth millions and is prepared to endow any eligible young man whose intentions are wholly serious. Her happiness is all I ask; my own I am prepared to sacrifice if Melissa's future be at stake. One young man, I am bound to say, I had definitely to refuse with no thought of Melissa's wish in the matter. He was clerk in a consular office in Canada. I told him that I could not consider him as eligible until he had secured a promotion, say to an

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office in Madagascar or Thibet. When he could give his wife a glimpse of the distant world, the far distant world, he should have my girl (God bless him!) and welcome. But Canada is so near the States, and why should any girl marry if not to leave home?

HOWARD BEMENT.

Washington Notes

UNLESS something slips, before this appears in print, Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock's appointment to the Interstate Commerce Commission, which has for nearly a year been dangling in the Senate, will have been finally confirmed.

It will be heralded by the administration organs as a Coolidge victory and will give deep satisfaction to those railroads, banking and business interests whose government this is. However, those who know the facts are fully aware that Mr. Coolidge made such concessions and paid such a price to secure the confirmation that it is robbed of the least semblance of triumph. In addition to that I have a sneaking suspicion that the aforesaid gratification of the financial interests will not last long and that they have in fact played a trick on themselves.

As to the first point, to secure confirmation Mr. Coolidge had to yield mortifyingly to the threats of Senator Reed of Pennsylvania and promise publicly that in future appointments to this Commission he would recognize not only that state but the Southwest. That plus pressure from some of the big fellows brought the pair of Pennsylvania Senators in line and likewise accounted for at least two other votes that had been hostile to Mr. Woodlock. In other words Mr. Coolidge openly takes a position that will prevent him from obtaining for vacancies on this most vital and powerful of all federal boards the best available men. He deliberately pledges himself to make sectional and political selections. The triumph if there is any belongs to Senator Reed and it isn't the sort of triumph in which a statesman of his pretensions ought to take much pride. At least so it seems to me. It smacks more, as the caustic Senator Caraway said in the Senate, of a New England horse trade than a desire to serve the country. There is, however, this excuse for Mr. Coolidge—it was the only way in which he could get his man through and failure with Woodlock on top of failure with McCamant would have established a bad precedent for future Presidential selections.

As to the gratification of the financial interests, my reason for believing this to be temporary rests upon my belief that Mr. Woodlock, notwithstanding his previous railroad and Wall Street connections and those standpat, old-fashioned, ten-year-old editorials that so inflamed Senator Wheeler, is at heart nothing like as reactionary as he has been pictured. Those who know the man best and who have seen the most of him since he came to Washington know this to be so.

It is my further belief that the hot fire to which he has been subjected has had a salutary effect upon him. Further, he is a clear-headed, able person who knows the railroad game from the inside. I make no predictions, but I would not be surprised if in the course of a year or so Mr. Woodlock were much less popular with some of the great influences which labored so hard and so effectively to get him over the hurdles. Stranger things have happened. Not infrequently in our politics a machine candidate makes a reform mayor.

Turning to another Coolidge appointment I should like to say a word in behalf of Mr. Everett Sanders, the private secretary to the President. I feel rather sorry for Mr. Sanders. To me he seems to be completely out of luck. A year or so ago he was a stalwart young Indiana Congressman, an up-and-coming fellow who stood well with the Longworth machine, was a prospective member of the steering committee and had a Senatorship from his state well in view. He gave all that up to step into the shoes of the smooth Mr. Slemp, who was being gradually but emphatically eased out of his job and who has since in his book on Mr. Coolidge proved himself the most forgiving man in the world. At the time it was pointed out that Mr. Sanders's knowledge and standing in the House would make him the natural political link between the President and Congress and it was predicted that he, being a more voluntary choice of the President than was Slemp, would be closer to him and would in fact become a big man in the administration. There were even those who thought it the best road for him to reach the Senate or if not that the Cabinet.

Unfortunately it has not worked out that way. There is no friction between the President and Mr. Sanders. His noble chief does not kick him around as he did his predecessor. On the other hand he has not, as was expected, taken him to his bosom, made him his political confidant and trusted agent. The cold truth is, poor Mr. Sanders has been plunged into an obscurity so deep that a great many people have to stop these days to recall the name of the Presidential Secretary. It never appears in the papers. He gets no publicity. Not only has he not become a big figure in the administration but he has really lost touch with his old friends in the House. Instead of being on the main political highway, he is on a sidetrack. He makes a very efficient clerk, opens and sorts the mail, keeps the Presidential appointment book in a neat and satisfactory manner, gets along well with his boss.

But the little White House group passes him by. He is around and about it but not in it. He does not slip confidential information to the "boys of the press" for their guidance because he has no confidential information to slip. To be outspoken about it, Mr. Sanders does not know what is going on and moreover it is not intended that he should. Mr. Coolidge himself attends to the matter of the guidance of the "boys of the press" and when one looks at the results it must be conceded he attends to it better and more thoroughly for himself than anyone could possibly do for him. And then there is good old Mr. Stearns and "Ted" Clark and "Jim" White and the venerable Sargent and Butler—New Englanders all of them and all closer—oh, so much closer—than the Indiana private Secretary, who on form ought to be as close as can be.

I do not see how Mr. Sanders can help having his mo-

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ments of depression. He is really a most likable and capable person and is apparently just the sort of private secretary Mr. Coolidge wants. But he was better off as an Indiana Congressman. Of course he has the compensating joys of personal contact with the great man, but that is not going to get him anywhere politically. Mr. Sanders deserves some sympathy, I think. So far as I know, however, no one has heard Mr. Sanders ask for sympathy. Perhaps he does not fully realize yet that what he did was to swap his place as one of the Congressmen who counted in running the House to become the chief White House clerk. It was not much of a swap. T. R. B.

Washington.

The Chief Thing

The Chief Thing, by Nicolas Evreinoff, translated by Herman Bernstein and Leo Randole. The Guild Theatre, March 22, 1926.

THE play by Mr. Nicolas Evreinoff that we see at the Guild Theatre differs in an odd way from what it would have been in English. It is the spiritual cousin, obviously, of such dramas as The Passing of the Third Floor Back and The Servant in the House; in it the central character is the Comforter, the Paraklete of St. John, passing through and giving life to the rest of the characters on the scene. "But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the spirit of Truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall testify of me. . . . if I depart I will send him unto you." There is, then, a sweetening, a salvation, a purifying of the heart, to follow on the steps of the hero in the story.

But the English form of this theme has always run more safely and respectably than does this Russian version. The motives of simple piety, purity of heart, meekness and domestic propriety have ruled in English; there was only a safe vagrancy, gentle breaths of violent thought and gentle strains of universal brotherhood, true love, honesty and patience. The Russian is wilder and looser all through. The theme is truth, happiness in life, salvation, as in the English plays. But what truth is and what truth does in these Russian hands is another matter. There are the same motives of service to our fellow man and happiness and lonely hearts and love. But it is all more a matter of vitality, life blowing where it listeth. There is no truth that is absolute, everything is to be given according to the needs and the hearts of the separate persons dealt with. Illusion has its place and its rights; we are told that illusion in the theatre of life is even stronger than it is on the stage. Even deceit has its place and its just uses in life; the only character in The Chief Thing who stands out as opposed to all deceit in any shape, even to the lipstick or rouge, is the schoolmistress, and she is held up to our scorn and ridicule, in her we find honesty preserved, but like a walnut in vinegar. The Comforter himself from a pew's eye view is far from respectable, he has married three different women in order to give them life and the memory of happiness; and watching him at the Guild we see him run from the fortune teller hag, the radiant, sweetish light of a Holman Hunt Christ, a side-whiskered and beneficent old gentleman to the handsome hips of Harlequin. Indeed this Truth that is rampant in our Russian piece is far from orthodox, however much it may give life and give it more abundantly; plainly it is hard for Russians to see that too abundant life is scarcely proper.

The production that the Theatre Guild has brought to The Chief Thing, with the author himself at hand to coöperate in the achievement, is a long jump from what the play would have had a generation ago among us. Such plays as these, The Chief Thing, The Passing of the Third Floor Back and The Servant in the House, if taken too solemnly, suffer from having their moral ideas brought too far forward. The play, the plot, the scenes, the characters may be fair enough, the ideas separated too much come out somewhat trite and commonplace, not to say middle-class. The Chief Thing, happily, is given in its full circle, it is a masquerade, a harlequinade of life, a commedia dell' arte in the Russian land and Russian soul. It has no beginning and no end, and leaves off finally with telling us that we may end it any way we choose, if we insist on ends.

If the producers wanted to keep the play away from spiritual urgency they could not have done better than to have chosen for the hero Mr. McKay Morris. He brings to the part of the Paraklete an unusual equipment, physical and technical, a warm and facile voice, a good presence and an easy understanding of surface values. At the same time, however, he is always an actor of singular emptiness in the final sum, of casual emotion and of a glib poise that could kill the soul of anything. If the producers wished, however, for the mystery and pathos and gaiety of the eternal giver of life, the harlequin, the wistful and shy passion of love and understanding, Mr. Morris was a heavy and unfortunate choice. Miss Estelle Winwood, as she always does, brought to this effect of harlequin and living commedia, the quality of wit and a seemingly careless but very real accuracy and pains. Mr. Ernest Cossart, by making the comedian who has been taken off the stage and engaged to simulate a military doctor in life, unable to resist overplaying, turns his part to witty uses.

Mr. Dwight Frye is set to the same purposes as in Goat Song, a suppressed, unhappy youth, this time a student who under the strain of keeping his brother's death a secret from the old father, has tried to kill himself. He gives a good performance, well calculated, well projected, with a good sense of theatrical values, the timing, the inner pressure. But it will be a mistake to keep so promising an actor in the narrow if intense rut of such rôles. Mr. Frye can play comedy and farce admirably and has many qualities of pathos already demonstrated. The ensembles in The Chief Thing are very poor; we get the impression of young people badly made up and coached on the one hand and on the other lacking in the effect of spontaneity and of work done con amore and joyously that might excuse this lack of professional expertness. The settings by Mr. Sergi Soudeikine are only so so, distracting to many eyes no doubt, rather novel to others; at best they are a harlequinade with a very hot edge.

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The story itself of The Chief Thing carries much of its essential idea. It is a story that winds reality and illusion in and out, one disappearing in the other, with streaks all through of realism, symbolism, fantasy, burlesque and mystery play, all intermingled, all running along toward the pretty and elusive last moment. At the fortune teller's house there is a stream of human beings coming and going, bringing to this occult wisdom the problems of their lives. An old man has a son who has tried to kill himself. An actress thinks that she is losing her husband's love. A mother brings her daughter to know the source of her unhappiness, her fading into pallors and coughing. The actress's husband comes, asking help on his first detective venture, the arrest of a man who has married three women. The theatrical manager appears. The fortune teller turns out to be a man, the central character. We see then a rehearsal of a classical piece with Nero in it and the usual roses and harps and dancing girls. The hero comes, engages the actress and her husband and the comedian to go away with him and play parts in life, to redeem the happiness of a certain household. The actress is to be the housemaid, she will give life to the student son who has attempted suicide. Her husband will revive the life of the unhappy girl by pretending to love her. The comedian will take walks with the old man, tell jokes every day and make love to the schoolmistress. And so through illusion happiness is brought into these poor lives, by the memory of which they will be able to live. At the last moment the stage manager rushes in again, we are reminded that it is a play after all, it is life, it is what you will, ending as you will. The company rushes shouting down the aisles, the curtain descends on the eternal harlequin and the actress of mercy kissing each other. You have the sense of an agreeable play on the whole, temperate in its amount of platitude and Pirandello, passably well done perhaps, and not without poetic fantasy.

STARK YOUNG.

Integrity and Integration

IT is a quite familiar fact that people rarely modify their stock of identifications after they have reached their growth. This is true whether they are public or artists. Science we can to a considerable extent assimilate even after this, because science is knowledge prepared for all men's consumption, and requires no change in our identifications which are individual, unless the new knowledge is revolutionary, or conflicts with our religious or social fixations. But we cannot assimilate individual knowledge such as art gives without making changes in ourselves, precisely because the knowledge is individual. Therefore we take in very little of what lies about us of art, philosophy, or religion, but either we amuse ourselves with these or else we study them. Amusement is, of course, its own excuse for being, and so is study if it be amusing. But as a serious occupation the study of these things is trivial beyond most others. It is a form of compensation, an ostensible concern with what ought to be important, but which is so managed as to have no consequences whatever, and therefore no importance.

The following incident will illustrate what I mean: Bertrand Russell once wrote a critical review, of Dewey's philosophy, I think. In the beginning of the article he spoke of the philosopher's bias as affecting his opinion, and so, to make things fair, he told what his bias was. Then he wrote the criticism, but this was not a bit different from what it would have been if he had not made the preliminary statement. It was exactly as though a grocer told you that his weights were false, and then weighed you out a pound of sugar with them just the same. The information may be a cause of trouble to your spirits, but your stock of sugar is not increased thereby. After one had read Russell's statement of the reason why his criticism would be incompetent, one might question whether it would be worth reading, but the criticism was made no better by it.

In this case there were really two objects before Russell, one which he treats as self and sets forth in the account of his bias, and the other Dewey's philosophy. Of his integrity in the sense of good will there is no question, but if instead of integrity we put integration, the matter looks quite different. The bias that he speaks of is as much an actual object for the consequences of his study as Dewey's philosophy, and when he fails to treat it as such, he does exactly what a chemist would do who dropped a few things into his retort but would not count them in the result. Russell is studying something that he recognizes as an individual expression, and therefore he spoke of his bias. He would not have done so if he had been discussing physics. What he ignores is that a change in philosophy, like a change consequent on æsthetic experience anywhere, involves an alteration in our identifications. The only reason, other than amusement or academic interest, for studying Dewey was, if necessary, to bring about such a modification, but against this he guards himself, by keeping his identifications in the status of a self, instead of treating them as part of the objective situation that he was studying.

When we study science we integrate our knowledge with relative ease. We add to what we know, and seek to do it in such a manner that the new fits in coherently with the old. But when we study art or philosophy we do not study these things, but only study about them. Therefore the study of philosophy is either the study of the history of philosophy or of its problems. The study of art is either the study of its history, or of its form, or of its content. For science the method of disinterested impersonal study is justifiably the great concern, because the atomic facts of nature make up the whole material of the natural sciences, but in art and in philosophy these matters are secondary because the primary value of these things is individual. Furthermore the scientific study of them in our present state of knowledge is ineffectual. This is not, of course, a reason for not pressing these studies, but it is a reason for not exaggerating their value.

Integration applied to the real concern with art is a very different matter. Art expresses meanings, rhythms, poise. These are the general subject matters of æsthetics. But æsthetics applies not only to art, but to all aspects of life as well. The meanings, rhythms, poise, expressed in art are applicable to life outside. To flee from ugliness outside to beauty in art is either to seek amusement or

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dope. Dope is the opposite of integration. It means substituting something just as good for the real thing. Integrating art and life would mean so transforming life that the purposes of art become the purposes of life as well. It would mean the extension of intelligent activity over the whole range of human interests, so as to make life harmonious and intense. But whether such a result would be desirable, whether we ought to seek integration, is not quite certain.

Many consequences would flow from integration. It would mean an increase of the object at the expense of the self. It would mean, as I suggested in my comment on Russell, that one should treat one's identifications as fact, rather than as selves. It would mean, for instance, that a Republican should see the Republican party as though he were an individual and not a Republican, and so for members of families, of religious denominations, of social and political groups. To integrate would be to put knowledge on a single plane, so that facts which are objectively similar would fall into similar places. It would mean to acquire the freedom of action that freedom of perception would give.

The reason why integration is not obviously desirable is that society is competitively organized, and that the valor of ignorance is essential to the present social state. It is necessary for people who should act effectually in our present society, that they should be able practically to believe a quantity of things that they know are not true, that, for example, they should be able to read in the paper that a plank in a political platform was put in to catch their vote, and that they still should vote for it as though it represented a bona fide intention of the party; that they should be able to detest a class of men on principle, though they know that in fact the men are not detestable; that they should be controlled by formulæ, although familiar facts contradict the formulæ at every point. Leadership by politicians, government by interests, control by taboos and fetishes, are all in contradiction with an integrated intelligence, and yet they are essentials to a competitive society. Therefore integration is a questionable desiderate.

While this condition lasts a serious general interest in art is an impossibility. People will assimilate only what will make no difference, just as in the case of philosophy. The study of these things can go on academically, but their essence remains excommunicate.

LEO STEIN.

All God's Chillun

A COTTON-MILL OWNER

ONE summer when I was down in New Orleans, I had a little tug fitted up and I lived in her all summer. I'd go on shore in the daytime and I'd go back to the boat in the evening and sometimes I'd hail somebody from the shore and invite them on board for dinner, and other times I'd just sit out on deck and watch the shore and think. And at night I'd anchor in the bayous. New Orleans was nice in those days. I had niggers to work for me. One day, one of the niggers discovered he was free and that he didn't have to work—so I paid him five dollars a month after that. He was my favorite nigger and the softest-spoken, faithfulest nigger I ever knew. After I left, he got into trouble—he went to work in a factory and, while he was working in the factory, he got into a quarrel with another nigger and he hit him with a club and killed him and he got sent to jail. Well, first he wrote to a man that he'd worked for once and he asked him to recommend clemency to the governor of the prison. The man sent him the note all right but, when he got there and delivered it to the governor, it turned out that, instead of recommending clemency, the man had recommended that the governor give the nigger forty stripes for a debt that he owed the man. So they gave him the forty stripes and all he said, when they got through, was, "Well, Mistah Ferguson sure do collect his debts!" Then he wrote me a letter—I remember it began, "Kind Captin"—and when I came back there the next spring I went around to see him. There he was, expecting to get hanged, but it didn't seem to weigh on him much. I suppose he forgot about it most of the time: he seemed just as cheerful as ever. I got him let out after two months and I took him back into my service and he worked for me again all summer. And he was the faithfulest, politest nigger that I ever had.

A STEAMBOAT CAPTAIN

When we pay 'em on the last day of the trip, we have to hold out a dollar on 'em. And that's known as "tie-up money," because it's to make 'em tie-up the boat. As soon as they get paid, they sit right down and they begin to play a game called Skid—that's the fastest game there is—there's a bet on every turn of the cards. At the end of half an hour, one nigger's got all the money and all the other ones have got is the dollar that they get for tyin'-up. And the nigger that won all the money goes to a nigger sportin'-house that night and he gets it all stolen from him. No: if we paid 'em all at once, they'd just jump ashore and leave us—wouldn't take that extra trouble. They won't take no trouble they don't have to. Now, for instance, there's one kind of cargo that the niggers don't like to unload and you can't get 'em to do it. It's a kind of fertilizer that's got some kind of acid in it and when they carry it on their shoulders the acid eats through the sack and it makes welts on their shoulders. Well, one trip we had a cargo of this fertilizer and we wouldn't let the niggers look at it to see what it was, so that they couldn't tell the niggers on land when we came to have it unloaded. But the niggers on shore got suspicious when they couldn't find out what it was from the niggers on the boat and they sent one nigger on board to investigate. They knew that, if they undertook to land and then didn't do the job, we could have had the law on 'em. Well, this scout took one peek at the cargo and he knew he had to give the warnin', but he knew that if he told 'em what it was, we'd beat him up on the boat. So he just stood and looked at the boat and he didn't say anything for a minute—the niggers on the shore were all waitin' to see whether they should come aboard. He just stood and looked, and finally he read the name Peerless on the pilot-house. And then he said, just as loud as he could, so that the niggers on shore could hear him: "Peerless! This ain't no Peerless! This is the Lusitania!"

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Another trip, they broached the cargo. I began to smell a smell of roastin' and I began to get suspicious—we had a cargo of yams. I went down to look at the cargo and the barrels looked all right with the tarpaulin across the top, but, when I came to look underneath, some of the barrels were half empty—they'd stuck stones and rags inside to make the top layer come level. Well, I lined the niggers up on deck and I said to 'em, "Now, you black bastards! I'm gonta find out who broached that cargo, if I have to knock you all dead!" And I began to knock 'em down with a club, just as they were lined up there, one after the other. I hadn't gone very far—I hadn't knocked down more'n about five—when the next nigger spoke up, just as I was about to hit him, and he said, "Don't hit me, boss, I'll tell!" And so he told and the ones that done it got a beatin'. What happened to the one that told? Oh, that was funny! They killed *him!*

A New Orleanian

It's very excitin' when the river rises and we're afraid the levee's goin' to break—there's a great feelin' of danger in the air. It makes you feel so queer: you look up and see the boats floatin' above the level of the streets. If the levee ever broke by the city, New Orleans would be gone—wouldn't be a thing left of it! They don't print it in the papers, but when they're afraid the levee's goin' to break, they have a thousand men mobilized, ready night and day with sand-bags. And when it does break, like it did at Poydras just a few years ago, all the doctors and the lawyers and everybody turn out, just like it was a war. I went up to the Poydras crevasse in a motor-boat and the houses were ten feet under water. In one house, the niggers had gone up on the roof and they were calmly cookin' fish up there. They'd moved the stove up on the roof and one of the boys was holdin' it in place so that it wouldn't slide down the slope and another was tearin' up shingles and feedin' 'em into the stove for fuel. And the ol' mammy was cookin' the fish—I don't know where they got the fish—caught 'em most probably. I saw another nigger in another house sittin' on a board out the window and playin' a guitar. I came up alongside in the motor-boat and told him to jump in, but he was just beginnin' to sing and he didn't pay any attention to me. I said, "Come on! You better jump on in! Don't you want to be taken to land?" But he just shook his head and smiled and went on playin' his guitar.

Edmund Wilson.

Thunderstorm

Swift and terribly rootless form
The purple forests of a storm—
From brassy boughs each furious flower
Puffs leaden pollen in a shower.

No refuge even for the good
Is underneath this wicked wood—
Even tall men in stony places
Lift up but small white violet faces.

Winifred Welles.

Grock and Guignols

IT is exactly ten years since I last saw Grock and I find that while he interests me more than ever, since I am more aware of him as being in the tradition of the great clowns, he amuses me less. I can understand the report of his only moderate success in America. Because finesse in a clown is a great thing, but a more necessary thing is the ability to make people roar with laughter. When one is grotesquely dressed, is strange in gesture and voice, when every object used is itself absurd, it is not enough merely to win the smile of pleasure or even the quick interest in method alone; the ends, in that case, are inadequate results of the means.

Grock does some superbly comical things; he is far from unfunny and he makes his audiences laugh. But those funny things are not his best and his best are perhaps a little too refined for outright laughter. When he sits down on the piano stool, five feet from the keyboard, and stretches to reach the keys, and finally tries to push the piano over to the stool, you have the sound commonplaces of the clown's work. When he takes out of an enormous chest, which is otherwise empty, a tiny violin, you have it again in the instant juxtaposition of the absurdly large and the absurdly small (the fat man and the slim one, the stage-Irish and the stage-Jew combinations are the same thing, contrast of opposites without gradation—nuance of color, of tone, of movement being precisely the qualities of civilized comedy, which becomes devitalized as soon as the contrasts fail to appear entirely). But when Grock tosses the bow in the air and tries to catch it, he begins another kind of clowning altogether, clowning which is imaginative and constructive, although it may not be necessarily "higher." He fails again and again to catch the bow; finally he goes behind a screen and practices. All you see is the bow slowly being thrown into the air; you have to guess that, behind the screen, the trick works. He reappears and starts all over again. Again he fails; the next time behind the screen the trials are more rapid. He comes out; starts to play; throws the bow in the air, catches it, continues to play. And a moment later he becomes aware that he has mastered the trick and shouts with triumph. That moment later is the climax of the scene, it is timing of the most delicate sort, and makes one feel how beautifully the whole trick was worked. But it is not uproarious.

It may be that in ten years the act, which remains essentially the same, has become a little stale or a little too subtle. Or memory may have exaggerated Grock's capacity to make people laugh. He is a fine artist in clowning still; among the greatest; and my companions when we saw him found him supremely good and superior to the three Fratellini whom we saw the next night. Yet the Fratellini seem, after being fêted five years by the intellectuals of Europe, to have preserved their integral simplicity and their enormous capacity to shake people with laughter. And Joe Jackson has it, or had a few years ago. Without it, the satisfaction a clown gives seems to me to lack one of its essential elements.

The marionette shows of Paris begin on board ship, for at least one of the French liners has a guignol for the children. In Paris the famous one of Anatole stand

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near the Rond-Point des Champs-Elysées; the entrance fee is about one cent, and the first two or three rows are packed with tiny critics. Outside the enclosure the poorer, or more thrifty, nurses let their little ones stand; but in or out, cash customers and standees, they watch with an interest one almost never sees at the theatre. And they and the puppet-master together accomplish the real miracle of the theatre, the one every régisseur worth his salt is trying to accomplish: the audience takes part in the play.

The puppets of these guignol theatres are of the simplest, almost all of them seem to be worked by the fingers underneath the clothes, so that you always see the torso and seldom the legs of the characters, and their exits and entrances have a peculiar soaring quality which is rather pleasing and never breaks the illusion which underneath one's indulgence and make-believe, profoundly exists. Indeed the walking of wired marionettes seems always a little acrobatic, a little of a stunt, in comparison with this free and conventional movement. The puppeteer is extraordinarily clever; I have seen a puppet gendarme throw his baton in the air and catch it in his arms on the second twirl; and have seen him catch four sticks thrown to him by another character. Yet it is not skill of that sort which these puppeteers can exhibit. Their best effects come from the very poverty of their materials. With their two hands they give an effect of to-and-fro, of rhythmic, alternating motion, as when one puppet moves back from the blow and forward just as the stick rises again, or one disappears as the other appears. It is, to be sure, the simplest rhythm in the world; one can hardly say that it is timing, at all; but like everything in a puppet show it has an effect far beyond the means employed. One thinks of the elaborate mechanism prepared for the De Falla Retablo where Buffano came out with the honors of the evening by solving one of the most perplexing problems of the puppet master, a problem particularly difficult in a country where puppets are almost forgotten. With an extremely complicated action to handle, he boldly placed the half-dozen manipulators of the wires in full sight of the audience, then removed them from the action of the play by the mystery and the distance of their masks. The problem he thus solved was how to prevent the audience being more interested in the manipulation of the wires than in the movements of the puppets (and in the music, too). These present, yet detached, super-stage-hands solved the puzzle of Don Quixote's legs and sword and permitted us to be pleased. It was a sophisticated development of what is rooted in simplicity.

Looking at these French guignols one is aware of characters and plots which are centuries old, and of methods which, in another sense, cannot age. Over the proscenium of Anatole's theatre is a painting which shows Harlequin and Polichinelle and Columbine; and they and their variants are almost always present on the scene. They are likely to be Patelin and Cadet Roussel, but the French simple glutton, the French angry housewife, are still the same types and characters as the Truffaldinos and Hanswursts and Jack Spratts of other lands. The stories are even simpler than fairy tales. A dog defends his master from attack; the attacker returns and kills the dog; the master bewails the death of his faithful friend, and the gendarme arrests the malefactor. Or the villain (crime announced by the master, but not shown because these scenes have to be very brief) is put into the Bastille; the door is left open and he escapes. After this is repeated several times, he is caught and the block is brought forth; endless trouble about getting his head in the right position; the red-garbed executioner appears and the guillotine is called for; the villain escapes the knife deftly again and again, swings over the guillotine as on a trapeze, finally frames himself in it, pushing the knife up with his head, and fights off the police.

Even in these bare bones of skeleton plots I have had to suggest one of the basic methods of the puppeteers: the method of repetition. To misunderstand this is to fail in searching out the secret of some of our simplest and best comic artists. Everything in the guignols is done over and over again: a little scene in which a father kisses his son goodbye becomes exactly what an American burlesque of the French salute on the cheek might be; but it is done not for the burlesque so much as for the movement, the repetition which makes the scene comic. Or the ceremonious separation of two characters (whom you can easily identify as the pedants of the Italian comedy) is so multiplied in obeisances and noddings and courtesies and false starts and returns that it becomes a scene of hilarious laughter. (The repetitions are characteristic of all the clowns I have mentioned above, the Fratellini practicing them with infinite care and doubling on them finally when a repeated scene is suddenly changed; Joe Cook's "Well, good-night" scene with his Japanese valet is an example of a comparatively sophisticated variation of these scenes of repetition, and another proof that the technique of the puppets, of the commedia dell' arte and of our popular stage is essentially one). In all these cases it is not that the repetition lets us see the humor; it, itself, is the humor. The rhythm, as I have said, is of the simplest, one-two, one-two; but the little parallel lines of action create perspective in time, and the little play seems to have begun long ago and to intend continuing for ever.

The participation of the audience is, of course, the triumph of the puppet show. It is an expected triumph, essential to the play, for the puppeteer addresses himself directly to the audience and in a sense depends upon its collaboration; he asks where the enemy has gone, asks to be told when the police are coming, asks whether to execute the villain or no. (The high treble answers are sometimes excessively bloodthirsty.) The same thing was done, rather sheepishly, at the Charlot revue. It was unreal to the players and remained so to the audience which, however, relished the conduct of the play in accordance with shouts from the pit. It remained unreal because anything on the stage now has become an artificiality separated from the audience, whereas essentially everything on the stage exists only, and functions only, because there is an audience to accept or reject it, to answer to it. In the sophisticated theatre this answer must be given with some reserve; for myself I prefer that no one should actually break into the sequence of the Medea. And it is precisely because the breaking in of the youngsters at the guignols is not an interruption, but a continuation, of the play that the comic theatre becomes actually a ritual, a sort of lay

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mass; whereas the serious theatre which withdraws from the audience or fails to draw the audience to itself, seems often the ritual of the dead religion of the drama.

Paris. GILBERT SELDES.

The Bandwagon

SENATOR HALE, MEET HIRAM JOHNSON

President Coolidge has remade the Republican party. . . . It is now possible for a Republican from Maine to meet a Republican from California and for each to know what the other means when he says "I am a Republican."

—*C. Bascom Slemp.*

MOSCOW AT IT AGAIN

Minneapolis, Feb. 12.—Red-tinted snow, a quarter of an inch in depth, covered this city today.

—*New York Times.*

FRESH TRIUMPH CLAIMED FOR AN INVENTIVE AGE

Seattle, Feb. 21.—Twenty-one of twenty-nine defendants in an alleged $500,000 conspiracy to ship liquor from Canada were convicted by a jury yesterday. The prosecution charged that Mrs. Elise Omsted, radio-broadcasting from a local station, had interjected warnings to rum-running vessels into bedtime stories of Uncle Wiggly.

—*Associated Press.*

KEEPING COOL WITH COOLIDGE

Washington, Feb. 12.—Under the flexible provisions of the tariff act, President Coolidge today ordered the duty on men's straw hats increased to 88 percent.

—*Associated Press.*

ONLY THEMSELVES TO BLAME

There is no discrimination on account of race. . . . The non-voting Negroes of Alabama are disfranchised merely because they fail to qualify by registering or because they fail to comply with the laws of the state.

—*The Governor of Alabama.*

FORTUNATELY THEY DON'T LIKE IT

It [compulsory military training] is not very popular with the students, but that is a measure of its usefulness.

—*President Thomas of Penn State.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Opposing Views

SIR: Miss Sergeant's article on Paul Robeson in your issue of March 3 contains, among other remarkable comments, the following: ". . . This gesture is the final seal of Paul Robeson's personal ease in the world. *Even a Southerner* would have difficulty in negating its quality and *elbowing its creator from a sidewalk.*" The italics, of course, are mine.

Now I have lived in Virginia, and traveled in the Far South a great deal; but I never saw, nor do I ever expect to see a white Southerner elbowing a Negro from a sidewalk.

Such perversions of the truth by implication and generalization are unfortunately all too common among partisans of liberal causes, which may partially explain why such causes are slow to attain their usually worthy ends. There is, Heaven knows, enough authentic evidence of discrimination against Negroes in various ways, both North and South, for negrophiles to use in their crusades without resorting to such statements as the above.

The article in question is further marred by such effusions as, ". . . a man of . . . noble physical strength and *beauty*," . . . "the clear-cut outlines of his young *American* head," . . . "the beautiful . . . life that flows from Paul Robeson's whole person." And so on ad nauseam.

It must make Robeson blush to read such unctuous rhapsody about himself. This unrestrained slopping over will surely convert no Ku Kluxers, rather it is likely to disgust those of us who are neutral or even liberal on the race problem. I myself have much less race prejudice than the average Northern Babbitt. Yet I have just enough to think that this article would have been in bad taste if written about any living man, and that the existing circumstances emphasize this criticism.

HANSON LEWIS.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

SIR: I have read Miss Elizabeth Sergeant's article on Paul Robeson in the New Republic with the greatest interest. I want to add my voice to the many others which I know must have been heard in praise of it. It is a beautiful piece of work, filled with real insight and understanding. I congratulate Miss Sergeant on having written, and the New Republic on having printed, this very real document.

ALICE HAMILTON.

Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: Thank God for the article on Paul Robeson in the New Republic for March 3. That is a great document in the study of Race.

JAMES M. YARD.

New York, N. Y.

Research in Industrial Relastion

SIR: Those of your readers who are interested in the betterment of industrial relationships should know of the Jacob Wertheim Research Fellowship for study in this field. The purpose of the Fellowship is to enable persons who already have expert knowledge of industrial relations—as employers, teachers, labor leaders, or otherwise—to devote a year to original research. The holder of the Fellowship receives $3,600 plus an allotment for traveling or other expenses not to exceed $750. The remainder of the income from the original endowment of $100,000 is reserved for publication.

Prospective candidates should write for application blanks to the Secretary of the Jacob Wertheim Research Fellowship Committee, Department of Social Ethics, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass. Applications must be filed before April 15.

Subjects of research which fall within the terms of the Fellowship include, among others, the methods and results of any such devices for betterment of industrial relations as employe representation, profit-sharing, gain-sharing, joint regulation of industry, or industrial coöperation. The studies must be based upon original research, the data being secured chiefly at first hand rather than from secondary sources.

JAMES FORD,
Secretary, Committee on Wertheim Fellowship, Harvard University.

Cambridge, Mass.

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The Strength of the K. K. K.

SIR: In an editorial appearing in your issue of March 3, you concur in a survey made by the New York Times claiming that the Ku Klux Klan is "dwindling in numbers and prestige." While all observers agree that the Klan has suffered an inevitable slump in dues-paying members, I am not so certain that this means we are rid of the pest or that the Klan may not revive as the elections draw near this fall.

Aside from the local elections last November there has been nothing since 1924 to encourage Klan activity. In those elections, the Klan made some very alarming showings. In Detroit, for instance, a city predominantly Catholic, Jew, Negro and foreign born, the Klan candidate for mayor received over 100,000 votes and came within striking distance of success. In Indianapolis, where the Klan had been torn by "dissension" and virtually "dead" for two years, its ticket was elected by nearly 10,000 majority. Klan candidates were successful in hundreds of local contests, particularly in small communities.

As a matter of fact the Klan's strength cannot be measured by the number of dues-paying members. Countless thousands who no longer attend meetings or pay dues are still under its spell and vote with the organization. Moreover, Klansmen have an uncanny way of paying up their dues whenever an issue peculiarly affecting their "philosophy" arises. I have seen this happen too many times not to realize the danger.

Moreover, there has really been little need lately for intense Klan activity. The Klan has already won its battle. Are not the Catholic and Jew now outcasts in the land of their birth? Let a Catholic or Jew aspire to public office in nearly any of the states canvassed by the Times and see what happens! Before the advent of the Klan, Catholics and Jews often were elected in Oklahoma. I venture to say this could not happen now in a single county in the state, even though the Klan membership in Oklahoma has dropped from 90,000 to 18,000 as the Times estimates.

Let prohibition, or Al Smith or the control of the public schools become issues either this fall or in 1928, and perhaps we shall find that the Klan is a very live corpse. With public sentiment thoroughly poisoned, we may find that a million Klansmen can now do the work formerly requiring double that number.

Of course the spectacular era of Kluxism is past and of course the membership total will not again reach the first peak. But to assume that for these reasons the danger is past is sheer nonsense. In some respects the Klan spirit is stronger than ever, though the body is weakened.

Let every liberal be on his guard lest this spirit, dormant in the off season, re-assert itself in the coming political spring, and destroy all that is left of the Temple of Liberty.

Which isn't much, to be sure, but still, worth saving.

Oklahoma City, Okla. ALDRICH BLAKE.

Cloud Cuckoo Land

SIR: I wish to protest against the hasty and ill-advised review of Naomi Mitchison's Cloud Cuckoo Land which appeared in the New Republic of February 17, over the initials M. H.

"Cloud Cuckoo Land," says M. H., "while much better than its foolish title would lead one to suppose, does not strike us as particularly Greek." This statement, the essence of M. H.'s review, strikes at least one reader as being, in current parlance, a lot of hop. In the first place, Cloud Cuckoo Land is not a foolish title. For anyone who has progressed any further in Greek literature than a few compulsory parasangs into the Anabasis the phrase is full of meaning; and an educated person who does not know Greek may retain enough of that comprehensive survey course without which no education can exist to remember the phrase about The Birds in the paragraph on Aristophanes in the section which treats of comedians (a) satirists in the chapter concerning The Golden Age of Greek Literature. Without at least this much background, thinks the present writer (who makes no claim to being a critic) one is scarcely equipped to judge whether or not a piece of writing is particularly Greek.

And anyway, if it isn't, what of it? Mrs. Mitchison has created real people facing real problems; she has made events of history seem intimate and terrible in their bearing on the lives of these people rather than "significant" in the historical-survey sense of the word. She writes with humor and restraint, a restraint which gives an almost cruel force and precision to her narrative. Her descriptions are set in beauty, and carry the feeling of authenticity.

I don't know what M. H. demands in the way of an historical novel. Certainly Cloud Cuckoo Land seems as Greek to me as, for instance, Scott's Count Robert of Paris was Byzantine—and better written to boot; just as Mrs. Mitchison's When the Bough Breaks, published last year, seems to me a far more accurate and interesting picture of the decline of Rome and the rise of Christianity than Ben Hur, Quo Vadis, or any other of a score of stories on this and related themes. The Conquered, Mrs. Mitchison's first book, came out in the summer of 1923; and the memory of a certain scene in it which I read at that time still brings a lump to my throat. Greek or not "particularly Greek," Roman or not so much Roman as English, Naomi Mitchison's books are flavored with adventure and full of human understanding; and they deserve to be brought to the attention of intelligent readers in an intelligent and adequate manner. JANE M. CASSIDY.

Militarism in Our Colleges

SIR: Hitherto I have inclined to sympathy with the movement against preëminence of sports in our universities, but the advance of militarism induces a revision of that view. The essence of sport is fair play, equality of conditions. No one would suggest a football match with seven or eight extra men actively engaged on one side whose foreseen victory would be vociferously applauded. Yet that is the essence of militarism as shown in any military text book, such as those written by Major Lang or Colonel Moss.

The first thing a soldier has to learn is to put away all ideas of chivalry or sportsmanship. He must take every unfair advantage of his adversary. Militarism is the religion of the gunman, of the gangster, the perpetual endeavor to win by any means, however foul. A Great Power is merely a great bully.

Do the militarists of our colleges form one party and the sportsmen another? If the same individual takes part in both trainings what is his mental reaction? I confess inability to conceive a rational psychological position for the two teachings in the same mind. EDGAR SUMMERTON.

Oakland, Calif.

Costly Funerals

SIR: I echo your three cheers for the Metropolitan Insurance Company. My first knowledge of their splendid campaign against costly funerals came from your columns. You may be interested in my experience when my only child was killed.

Under the circumstances I suppose the undertaker considered me an easy mark. When he consulted me as to any wishes which I might have I told him that I wanted the coffin to be very simple. I told him it wasn't a question of what I could afford, that I happened to have money enough to pay for a very extravagant funeral, but to my mind an extravagant coffin and ostentatious display were not the proper criteria of grief. He leaned back comfortably and placing the tips of his fingers together remarked suavely, "You want everything *right,* don't you?"

I positively saw red. The remark was to me as the proverbial red flag to the bull.

"You want things right!" I repeated, rising with a sudden unexpected strength, "*'things right?'* That phrase has made widows spend money that should have been spent on their children's food, it has made poor women discard good warm clothing for flimsy shoddy mourning."

I never saw a man so astonished in my life. If I thought of the proverbial bull, I fancy he thought of the proverbial worm.

"What do you want?" he asked, with wide opened eyes. "What *do* you want?"

I said I didn't know. "But I know I *don't* want mahogany and silver." ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

New York, N. Y.

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Crime and Journalism

The Saga of Billy the Kid, by Walter Noble Burns. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.50.

AMONG the social values of crime must be accounted its illumination of the history of civilization. Fashions in crime like fashions in clothes and furniture are unmistakable indications of period. Malatesta, Borgia and Cellini are lights of the Renaissance. Captain Morgan and Captain Kidd illustrate the expansion of commerce by sea, and William Nevinson and Dick Turpin, the progress of travel by land. Another value of crime is its contribution to literature. The connection between crime and journalism has always been close, and it is merely a pardonable exaggeration to say that modern fiction owed its being to this union. In the replacement of supernatural material by realistic sensationalism the Newgate Calendar was invaluable, and the pamphlets and broadsides with their notable discoveries of cozenage lead directly to Defoe and thence to Harrison Ainsworth, Bulwer Lytton, Charles Reade and Wilkie Collins. The United States has had its specialties in crime, none more truly its own than the peculiar forms of banditry which illustrated various phases of pioneer life. The advance of the frontier, which we are learning to regard as the most significant factor in American history, is marked by the exploits of the James, the Younger and the Harold brothers. This material finds its way into literature according to the European precedent, from folk lore to masterpiece. The primitive stage is marked by the Beadle Half Dime Novels and similar series, of which the New York Public Library enjoys a complete collection. The final state of preservation is represented by such a record of Billy the Kid as Mr. Burns has given us.

Billy the Kid is one of the most authentic outlaws of the Southwest in its last great period before the frontier was submerged. Lincoln County, New Mexico, where he operated, Mr. Burns calls Billy the Kid's country, as we speak of Rob Roy's country. It is perhaps fortunate that Billy the Kid has escaped the Beadle stage of appreciation. Among the Blue Grass Burts and Broadway Bills, the Disco Dans and Ducats Dions there is only one volume entitled Billy the Kid; and in this he appears but casually as accessory to a romance not his own, while the author wavers from cover to title page between two attributions—Billy the Kid from Frisco and Billy the Kid from Texas. In the country where he grew up, killed twenty-one men not counting Indians, one for each year of his crowded life, and died with boots on, you hear tales of him from which, says Mr. Burns, you might fancy him to be the best-loved hero in the state's history. "His crimes are forgotten or condoned, while his loyalty, his gay courage, his superhuman adventures are treasured in affectionate memory. Men speak of him with admiration, women extol his gallantry and lament his fate. A rude balladry in Spanish and English has grown up about him, and in every placeta in New Mexico Mexican girls sing to their guitars songs of Billy the Kid."

Mr. Burns has gone directly to the living tradition. As a journalist of the best Chicago school, the old Interocean, he has used the tools of his trade. Anyone who is interested in the way in which a journalist handles his material in distinction from the novelist or the biographer will find it illustrated here. The book is a story in the journalist's sense. Mr. Burns has written of places with his eyes on them. He has talked with the people, with Mrs. Roberts of Roswell, niece of John Chisum, the cattle king of the Pecos valley, who as a girl rode and fished with the Kid when he stayed for some days at her uncle's ranch; with Mrs. Barber of White Oaks, formerly Mrs. McSween, wife of the lawyer of Lincoln who took Christ literally and fell in the three days' siege of his house with a Bible in his fist instead of a gun; with Ighenio Salazar, who saved his life in the same battle by playing dead; with Mrs. Paulita Jaramillo, who as Paulita Maxwell, was one of the girls at Fort Sumner when Billy the Kid came to dance at parties, and who was asleep at her father's house in the next room to that in which Billy was shot to death in the dark by Sheriff Pat Garrett. One interview only does not ring true—that in which Garrett sings the praise of his fallen foe. As Garrett himself met his end in 1908, this particular conversational trail is rather cold. On the other hand the visit to the Kid's grave in deserted Fort Sumner, under the guidance of old man Foor, is a masterpiece of the interview, and ought to be set up as a model for classes in journalism.

Fashions in crime depend on its economic basis. Just as today the prevailing pattern is determined by bootlegging, so in the Southwest of the seventies it was set by cattle running. Billy the Kid was already known for his debonair courage and merciless skill when at eighteen he was drawn into the Lincoln County war between Major Murphy and John Chisum, for whom McSween was attorney. At first the McSween faction elected the sheriff. He was removed and Murphy's man put in. It was this sheriff who besieged for three days the McSween house where Billy the Kid was in command. Colonel N. A. M. Dudley with two hundred U. S. troops from Fort Stanton rode into town, and while he was commanding McSween to keep the peace the sheriff's posse set fire to the house in the rear. As the fire spread from room to room, the defenders were driven to the front where death awaited them. Twice Mrs. McSween made perilous journeys to Colonel Dudley's camp, a few hundred yards away, to implore his intervention, but his answer was that the forces of law and order had the situation in hand. They had. Every man in McSween's house, as he was forced into the open, had to run a gauntlet of death. The soldierly colonel was afterwards exonerated by what B. Shaw calls a trade union of officers.

A novelist would treat Billy the Kid as a victim of society. Not so the journalist. To him the Kid remains merely the central figure in a big story, the hero of innumerable exploits to which death gives invariably the last touch of the pathetic or the grotesque. At twenty he was the most famous bad man of the day. Finally in Pat Garrett a sheriff was found clever enough to capture him. He was tried, convicted, sentenced to be hanged, confined in the courthouse at Lincoln, shackled and manacled, with two armed deputies to watch him. Then happens the miracle. One deputy is out for lunch. The other is playing monte with the prisoner. A card falls to the floor, and as the officer straightens up after recovering it he is looking into the mouth of his own six-shooter. Billy marches him to a side room to lock him in, but he makes a break for the stairs and half way down is caught by a bullet. The other deputy returning along the street hears a merry salutation from the window, and gets buckshot from both barrels of his own gun. Thereafter every man, woman and child in Lincoln takes to cover. Only the jailer is left to cut through the chain which unites Billy's ankle fetters and catch and saddle a horse. Billy the Kid rides out of Lincoln.

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It was heart interest which kept Billy on the American side of the border, and his visit to Celsa Gutierrez in Fort Sumner at night which brought him to Pete Maxwell's house where Pat Garrett and two deputies were then inquiring about him. A comedy of errors. Billy met the deputies outside and could have killed them, or they him. Quién es? He went into Maxwell's bedroom where Garrett was sitting. Again he failed to shoot. Only his boyish voice: Quién es? Garrett answered with the shot that saved society. "Law and order," remarks Mr. Burns piously, "came in on the flash and smoke of the six-shooter that with one bullet put an end to the outlaw and to outlawry." And the same bullet swept Billy the Kid into the immortality of youth, of which Mr. Burns's version of his saga is a witness.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Mediaeval France

Life in Mediaeval France, by Joan Evans. New York: Oxford University Press. 234 pages. $5.25.

THE saying that every man has two countries, his own and France, was never more true than in the Middle Ages. "France, mère des armes, des arts et des lois," as Ronsard was later to hail her, was the true centre of European civilization, although the two great institutions in which the Middle Ages embodied its vision of politics and religion, the Empire and the Papacy, were focused in Germany and in Rome. French vernacular literature was the first to rise like a phœnix from the ashes of Latin, spreading its two great wings, the langue d'oil and the langue d'oc. French houses and orders, Cluny, Citeaux, Clairvaux, Prémontré, recreated and gave new forms to monasticism; French genius worked out feudalism in all its logic, and chivalry in all its ideal. Frenchmen so stamped themselves upon the crusading movement—"gesta dei per Francos"—that the Saracens knew all Crusaders as Franks. All that was fine in mediæval kingship was summed up in a French king, Saint Louis, and a French university became the intellectual centre of the Western world. Finally it was France which, first among the nations, aroused a conscious national pride in a world of class relationships, for the sense of la patrie is manifest as early as the Chanson de Roland, with its cry of "dulce France."

Yet French civilization, though a unity, was, as Miss Evans shows in an excellent introductory chapter, compact of four interwoven strands. From Provence it drew a subtlety and poetry half Italian and half of the East; from Normandy (true heir of Rome, though physically farthest removed from her) an "enlightened common sense," manifesting itself in a genius for law and for administration and in that grand architecture which is the artistic expression of the same qualities, manifesting itself too in a love of travel and of adventure, outlets for the high spirits which law and administration could not entirely curb. From Burgundy, lying across the trade routes by road and by river, home of great monasteries and great fairs, both commerce and religion received an impetus. Lastly, in the Ile de France, heart of the realm and a centre of the royal domain, the monarchy had its seat and slowly extended its work of unification and centralization, while Paris, at once a capital and a university, bred lawyers and clergy, who were its twin supports against feudalism and gave it its philosophical justification. Now one strain, now the other is uppermost in French history, but the many-sided, brilliant, and most contagious civilization, which was the product of them all, developed without a break, save for the temporary disaster of the Hundred Years' War.

Miss Evans's purpose is to present the general reader with a picture of mediæval life through the medium of France. Her concern, as she says, "is with neither the political nor the literary history of France, but with the elements of her mediæval civilization." From the admirable introductory chapter already referred to, she passes to discuss in turn feudal society, town life, monastic life, pilgrimage and crusade, learning, education, work and religion, ending with a general chapter on the end of the Middle Ages, in which she analyzes the results of the Hundred Years' War and the slow dissolution of the characteristically mediæval civilization, to give place to a new world in which France was still the leader. To make an œuvre de vulgarisation is by no means an easy task. Too many books addressed to the general reader lack the necessary foundation of scholarship, and others yield to the temptation to string together that superficial gossip about daily life which often passes for social history. Miss Evans deserves congratulation for the competence with which she has carried out her task. Her book is solidly constructed, illustrated throughout by quotation from a wide range of contemporary literature, and extremely readable. No one could read it without taking away with him a picture of how men lived and thought and had their being in the Middle Ages.

How different it all is from our own age—and how extraordinarily alike! Hear Guibert de Nogent on the modern young woman (of the early twelfth century):

> Alas, how miserably . . . maidenly modesty and honor have fallen off, and the mother's guardianship hath decayed both in appearance and in fact, so that in all their behavior nothing can be noted but unseemly mirth, wherein are no sounds but of jest, with winking eyes, and babbling tongues and wanton gait, and most ridiculous manners. The quality of their garments is so unlike to that frugality of the past, that in the widening of their sleeves, the tightening of their bodies, their shoes of cordovan morocco with twisted beaks—nay, in their whole person, we see how shame is cast aside. Each thinketh to have touched the lowest step of misery if she lack the regard of lovers and measureth her glory of nobility or courtliness by the ampler number of such suitors. . . . Thus and in such-like ways is our modern age corrupted.

Here, again, is a mediæval chestnut which still flourishes: "The preacher tells the story of the old customer who asked to have his sausages cheaper as he had dealt with the one butcher for seven years. 'Seven years!' cried the charcutier, 'and you're still alive!'" And here is a touch of nature to make the centuries kin: Peter, Precentor of Notre Dame de Paris about 1190, speaking of the propensity of the canons to "cut" the services, explains that where the chapter deducts a certain sum for non-attendance, you may see them running up at the last moment, "like old women after a greased pig, some bent forward, others leaping over the bar to enter, others pressing in disorderly fashion through the open door."

The Oxford University Press is to be highly commended for the excellent production of this book, which is really cheap at the price. Its value is enhanced by forty-eight full-page illustrations and two maps; the plates are beautiful and comprise photographs of castles, cottages and cathedrals, details of sculpture and architecture, and reproductions from manuscripts; they are almost a history of French civilization in themselves.

EILEEN POWER.

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Success in Failure

The Fight for Everest 1924, by Lieutenant-Colonel Norton, D. S. O., and Other Members of the Expedition. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 368 pages. $7.50.

HERE is the belated history of the third failure to climb the highest mountain in the world. "There are of course still many—very many—who do not care a rap whether Everest is climbed or not," says Sir Francis Younghusband in introduction, and wakes a cynic echo in the reader. He should wait until he has read the book before enrolling among the many.

The desire to climb mountains is lodged, certainly, in the most perverse and inarticulate regions of the soul. The only explanations of it do not explain it. In big game hunting there is always the big game. Arctic exploring brings a fact or two to science. But to climb mountains is to suffer discomfort, monotony and danger for the ineffable satisfaction of having reached a summit. What this satisfaction is, not the most enthusiastic mountain climber can say. Call it human aspiration made manifest, or simply the bravado of a race that has conquered nature, folly it remains. And it follows arithmetically that the attempt to climb Everest is the highest folly of its kind that ever stuck in man's stubborn imagination. For the mere vanity of saying: "the highest point on the planet's crest is 29,002 feet and man has stood there," fortunes are spent like water, governments are invoked, an army is started across a godless waste, and the purest human qualities of endurance, ingenuity and courage are poured out against a bitter and unwilling mountain. For this human lives are sacrificed.

It is well to have this firmly in mind at the beginning of the book, for by the tenth page it will begin to slip away. Fifty, and you are as breathlessly figuring chances from the foot of North Col as any climber of May, 1924. The story is told by various members of the expedition in turn. Known failure casts no shadow over the hopeful beginning. Each page reflects the spirit of the day it describes, with plans, encouragement and suspense just as they arose to color the hopes of the party, hour by hour. There is no use struggling against the fascination of the story. Reason will not put down the history of a good fight while a page remains to be read.

The opinion of the climbers is unanimous that bad luck alone prevented their success, and undoubtedly this is so. If Mallory and Irvine had not been weakened by the stretch of bad weather that drove the whole party off the mountain at the end of May, they would certainly have made the last nine hundred feet, and come back to tell the tale. With fair weather and reasonably good luck it can be done another time.

Another time . . . of course. The Fight for Everest is the account of a past campaign, but it is such an account as generals use to fight new battles with. Every word that tells of failure is written to insure a success. There is all the fire of purpose in this book that it would take to win a large war. The difficulties are canvassed down to the most minute detail in the appendix—weather, mountaineering obstacles, porter organization and the question of oxygen being the four principal heads. The stress laid upon the comfort and morale of native porters would bring a smile to the faces of the recent Mount Logan climbers, who hauled all their own provisions for forty-three days on the ice; but in Thibet this side of the organization is undoubtedly all-important. Every necessary supply is listed and commented upon from bully beef to salve for preventing sunburn—"beards are desirable for the same purpose, if obtainable, during the trek across Thibet." It is true that the one thing to be prized above all others is not directly mentioned, but the degree to which the 1924 party had it is apparent all through the book, especially in Mallory's absorbing letters. Not even British sportsmanship could feign the good-fellowship and "playing for the side" which obviously existed among the men of this party, nor the degree to which it helped them on the mountain. Colonel Norton is no doubt right when he says it will be hard to collect another party like it.

At the end, folly as it is, one cannot miss the challenge of that highest pinnacle. Has Everest been climbed? No one knows. If so, she has destroyed her ravishers. Not the most astute eye can detect the blush of lost virginity on her icy face. No one knows. But he is a very sensible human being indeed who would not like to.

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

Joan Speaks for Herself

Joan of Arc, Maid of France, by Albert Bigelow Paine. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Company. 746 pages. $10.

TWO strong angels stand by the side of History," said Thomas De Quincey in his forgotten essay on Joan, though there is no evidence that he ever fixed his eyes upon them, "the angel of Research on the left hand, that must read millions of dusty parchments and of pages blotted with lies; the angel of Meditation on the right hand, that must cleanse these lying records with fire, and must quicken them into regenerated life." The left hand angel, thanks to M. Quicherat, has stood gamely by Mr. Paine, but for the angel of Meditation he has substituted the angel of Travel.

Meditation, however, in De Quincey's conception of the angel, has never been one of Mr. Paine's tutelary spirits. Those who have gratefully used his Boswellian life of Mark Twain know that he never burns anything. In these volumes he is so afraid of doing so that he reports many sayings of the Maid and of her contemporaries twice over. The statement of the jacket, "Every known utterance of Joan herself is preserved in this book," will probably not be widely disputed. I have not found the notable saying, so dear to Andrew Lang, with which she replied to the first of the seventy articles so unfairly drawn up by Cauchon: "I well believe that our Holy Father the Pope of Rome and the bishops . . . are for the guarding of the Christian Faith and the punishment of heretics, but as for me and my facts, I will only submit to the Church of Heaven." But all the other notable sayings are reported, and many that only the readers of Quicherat's carefully collated sources have hitherto known. The angel of Research has done so well that we are almost inclined to excuse the absence of the cleansing fire of meditation.

The work is, however, not stuffed out with criticisms of former books on Joan of Arc. Voltaire and Schiller and Bernard Shaw are alike ignored. There is a single quotation from Andrew Lang, and Anatole France is relegated for two minor corrections to Mr. Paine's notes, in one of which we read: "In his biographical work M. France was likely to forget that he was not creating fiction." Mr. Francis Lowell's Joan of Arc, in which De

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Quincey's two angels collaborated successfully, is unmentioned. Even Mark Twain, who started Mr. Paine on his quest, is discarded. Mr. Paine refuses, in the face of great temptation, to be diverted from the authorities of the fifteenth century, save by modern sculptors whose works he has photographed on his travels. With even more self-restraint than Andrew Lang he abides by Lang's declaration that "to reject abundance of sworn evidence because it conflicts with a critic's personal idea of what is probable or possible is not the method of history." Consequently the real Joan faces us as from perhaps no other English book. Her mistakes, hesitations, contradictions, are painted with as broad a brush as her flashes of high genius. The ignorant peasant girl is not blotted out by the saint. At more than one point where she had sworn herself to reticence we see her worn down by the fierce questionings of her judges. In this meticulous report of these questions, indeed, the portrait of the Maid is drawn too much to the scale of her questioners. The limpidity of her soul is ruffled by the oars of the boat which carries us over it. History must at times be corrected by something more veracious. And this correction of the external facts by the biographer's sense of proportion and daring insight Mr. Paine refuses to make. It would seem to him arrogant. So we look through the glasses of her judges. Even though we do not see what they see, we are obliged to look where they look. And we are surprised to find ourselves discovering Joan of Arc to be a falsifier of her own deeds and a soiler of her own visions. But at this discovery Mr. Paine breaks over his self-erected barriers and, departing from the judgment of his predecessors as he had previously departed from their method, propounds his well grounded opinion that the gruelling experiences of her captivity had weakened her strong but sensitive mind. The celestial clarity of the voices and the purity of the soul who heard them are overborne by the hard realities of captivity, insult, and the prejudices of common knowledge. The girl who changed the course of history, who could unconcernedly write that she was "each day in His service," who before her judges could say, "I have greater fear to fail by saying something that would displease those Voices than I have of not answering you," was not as impregnable as she fancied. Her heavenly armor was pierced by the arrows she despised.

There is much to be said for Mr. Paine's method, notwithstanding its evident shortcomings. Anatole France's position is rendered untenable without attack. Bernard Shaw's exaggerations of a tenable position are made evident, not only without rancor but without prejudice to his main contention. The mystery of Joan of Arc is left confronting us. The angels of Research and Travel fade away; the angel of Meditation claims his rights. The Voices she heard were, as befits oracles, more verbally impeccable than her interpretation of them. They did not match her imagination; they did not always rule her action, though they always forgave it. But heavenly powers called her to a merely national task. They aided her in enthroning a worldling and a weakling. They strengthened national prejudices and blessed unprincipled warriors. They misled the girl they used. They have justified themselves for Mr. Paine. "Symbol of a super-faith and high-hearted valor with righteous resort to arms, in Joan of Arc, if anywhere today, lies the hope of the world." There are, however, many of us who believe that "patriotism is not enough" and who would fain hear those rare and compelling voices calling to more enduring tasks.

A. W. VERNON.

Rural Youth: Another Neglected Aspect

How Shall Rural Youth Be Served? A Study of the Rural Work of Certain National Character-Building Agencies, by H. Paul Douglass. New York: George A. Doran Company. 259 pages. $1.50.

THE Institute of Social and Religious Research has again demonstrated its independence and courage. John R. Mott is the Institute's chairman and it is doubtful whether or not his agency—the Y. M. C. A.—has ever before been the target of more penetrating criticism than is contained in this volume. After all, the disesteem which comes to a social organization under ordinary or extraordinary circumstances of rivalry between institutions must always be discounted. (What the Knights of Columbus said about the Y. M. C. A., and what the Salvation Army said about both during the late War does not amount to valid criticism.) But when social agencies are impartially appraised by scientists who utilize the best method available to social science, we are confronted with discriminations which demand attention. Mr. Douglass presents us with a study of such proportions.

Investigators sought to discover answers to such queries as: (a) How far do such agencies as the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and Camp Fire Girls actually serve the fourteen million youths between the ages of ten and twenty who live in the rural communities and small towns of America? (b) To what extent do these agencies overlap? (c) What proportion of the potential field is covered? (d) How do these agencies "get their start" in communities? (e) How do they function after getting started? (f) Do these agencies, as they claim, improve character? (g) Who pays for this work? (h) Is it worth what it costs? Et cetera, et cetera. These are saucy questions; not many organizations or institutions would care to have them asked. Misgivings of this order have, of course, come to the attention of officials, supporters, and members of, perhaps, all of the above agencies, but somehow institutional blind-spots invariably prevent a real searching.

One or two items of candor may suffice to indicate the character of Mr. Douglass's study: the agencies under observation designate and secure support on behalf of their rural services; says Mr. Douglass: "Perhaps the term 'rural' should be abandoned as applied to the present work, since the proportion which is rural in any radical sense is relatively small." Again, "As a local movement the Boy Scouts unquestionably reflect the directness, aggressiveness and naïveté of organized business groups in America. . . ." And again: "The Young Men's Christian Association is versatile in the forms of rural service undertaken, but opportunistic rather than philosophic in the choice of them." Finally: "The Young Women's Christian Association is more original, liberal and independent in its expression of religion." The volume fairly bristles with evaluations equally frank and piercing—and the stubborn significance of these statements is, in so far as a study of this type can make it, adequately bolstered by ninety-seven statistical tables of facts, attitudes and opinions gathered in fifty-three counties and twenty-nine states.

This brief account of one of the finest social studies of recent years merely hints at its importance. For example, the agencies being investigated were represented on an advisory board; frequent meetings were held at which these

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representatives made vehement protest. In short, this was to some extent a participant study and by reason of that fact represents considerably more integrity than the older types of social spying. Also, Mr. Douglass and his colleagues do not evade the consequences of their findings; they state the major issues and then logically proceed to indicate in what ways these issues may be resolved into creative functions, i. e., they outline numerous coöperative experiments.

After so much acclaim, critical reflections seem out of place. It should be said, however, that the study raises as many questions as it answers; these new questions centre about the whole concept of social research. I choose to postpone reflections of this sort to another time. At the moment I am impelled to recommend this volume to those students who are aware of the possibilities of improving the technique of social research. Social agencies, particularly if they bear any relation to rural areas, will be obliged to read it in any case.

EDUARD C. LINDEMAN.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE NEW REPUBLIC. PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1926.

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COUNTY OF NEW YORK }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Daniel Mebane, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of The New Republic and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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